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CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

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OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS IN ARLINGTON.

—A "service of song" will occupy the evening at Union Hall, on Sunday.

—Rev. Mr. Houghton, of Medford, will preach at the Universalist church on Sunday.

—Word came this week of the sudden death of Rev. Mr. Robinson, formerly pastor of the church at Arlington Heights. He died at his new home in Montana, of heart disease.

—The advertising paper for the fair is being printed at the ADVOCATE office. Our merchants, traders, and others, are invited to send in their orders.

—The first meeting of the Registrars of Voters, preparatory to the annual March meeting, was held last Monday evening.

—The Ladies' Samaritan Society will hold a fair in the vestry of the Universalist church, afternoon and evening, Feb. 11th and 12th. Supper, from 6 to 8, at 35 cents. Admission, 10 cents.

—A party of Arlington young ladies and gents enjoyed a sleigh ride to Lexington, Monday evening. The going and coming was full of pleasure, in spite of the biting cold weather.

—The storm of last Sunday afternoon had considerable effect on the attendance at the evening meetings, and the missionary concerts lacked something of interest in consequence.

—A party of lovers of roller skating took a ride to Stoneham, Tuesday evening, and participated in the sport at that extensive rink.

—The sociable at Pleasant street Congregational church vestry, Wednesday evening, was a pleasant affair, though rather thinly attended.

—Taylor's Aquilla Cough Troupes are really a good thing for coughs or colds. The proprietor has been offering them for sale in town this week, with excellent success.

—A large number of sleighing parties rode through our streets last Tuesday evening, singing, shouting or blowing horns according to the ideas of each as to what constituted enjoyment.

—The marriage ceremony at St. Malachy church, Wednesday morning, attracted a large attendance of ladies. All future marriages between members of this church are to be solemnized in a similar manner.

—The regular meeting of the Musical Society occurs next Tuesday evening, when music for the next concert will be taken up. Mr. Clark hopes to see every member of the chorus.

—We publish elsewhere an interview with Miss Jessie Lefone, in regard to her roller skating, etc. She has many engagements ahead and seems to be in general demand, among owners of rink.

—The annual exhibition of Chauncy Hall School, Boston, was given in Music Hall, last Wednesday afternoon. Among the participants was Charles H. Prentiss, of Arlington, who had several parts in the programme.

—The committee of the Grand Army fair are ready to receive donations of any kind,—groceries, coal, wood, vegetables,—that can be sold for the benefit of the fund. Some considerable donations of this kind are already on hand.

—The members of the Arlington Heights Rifle Club have spared neither effort or expense in their preparations for the entertainment which they advertise in this issue, and those who attend may be assured of an evening of enjoyment.

—The centre crossing is less safe to pedestrians than before the gates were established, judging from the narrow escapes we have recently noted. Mr. Russell has frequently to use his lungs vigorously as he turns down the long arms across the streets.

—The bundle table of the G. A. R. fair will be in charge of Mr. James A. Marden, and it will contain the smaller packages donated, tickets in which will be sold at fifty cents each. Each purchaser of a ticket will surely receive the value of the purchase money.

—The residence of Hon. John Schouler, on Pleasant street, received a large company on Monday evening, to enjoy a musical prepared by Miss Schouler, in aid of St. John's Episcopal church. The net result was over fifty dollars,—a quite remarkable success.

—The usual concert by the children of the Sunday school of the Congregational church will be held in the vestry of the church, Sunday evening, at 6.30 o'clock. Mr. Mills has in preparation a special Bible service, intended to bring its value as a text book in the school prominently into view.

—Rev. J. J. O'Brien, for several years connected with St. Malachy church, goes to join the Rev. Matthew Harkins, his former associate at Arlington, at St. James church, in Boston. He will take with him the best wishes of a wide circle of friends. We understand Rev. P. H. Calnan will fill the vacancy thus occasioned.

—Masonic Hall was the scene of a pleasant party, Thursday evening, arranged for the fraternity, their wives and a circle of invited guests. First there was an entertainment, consisting of recitations by Mrs. E. R. Knowles, of Boston, and Miss Margie Gerry, of Cambridge.

Mr. Knowles is a lady endowed with remarkable abilities, her dialect and serio-comic numbers convulsing the audience with laughter, while her presentation of the tragic scenes in the "Pilot's Story" evidenced high talent in another direction. Miss Gerry's singing was remarkably good, her voicing and tones showing careful training and intelligent practice. She was neatly accompanied on the piano by Miss Addie Proctor. These several numbers were interspersed with instrumental music. Mr. George H. Rugg had charge of this section, and at its conclusion most of the company enjoyed a dance, Mr. George W. Storer acting as floor director.

—The preparations for the Grand Army fair are approaching completion, thanks to the active and earnest members of the Relief Corps and other ladies who have devoted so much time and skill. We hear also of a number of special contributions that will add to the beauty of the different tables. The following is the list of committees:—

FINANCE COM.—J. A. Marden, J. A. Blanchard, Nathan Nourse, Jr., Alfred Norton, Major Bacon, J. H. Hardy, C. S. Parker.

HALLS AND TABLES.—Ammi Hall, Henry Bradley, Major Bacon, S. C. Frost, Nathan Nourse, Jr., Ira Kennison.

PAPER AND PRINTING.—C. S. Parker, Alfred Norton, J. H. Hardy, Geo. F. Hollis, E. A. Jacobs, A. W. Cotton.

DECORATIONS.—George F. Hollis, D. J. Sullivan, Albert Needham, Charles Gibbons, Ammi Hall, J. A. Marden, Henry Bradley, A. W. Cotton.

CHANCES.—J. A. Blanchard, Henry Bradley, Wm. H. Bartlett, H. J. Crosby.

REFRESHMENTS.—Ira Kennison, Alvin Robbins, Nathan Nourse, Jr., Wm. F. Teel, Geo. F. Hollis.

BUNDLES.—James A. Marden, Major Bacon, E. A. Jacobs, Charles Gibbons.

FLOWERS.—Alfred Norton, Alvin Robbins, S. C. Frost.

OUR REPORTER'S WORK IN LEXINGTON.

—The schools reopened on Monday.

—The time for the meetings of Independence Lodge No. 45, has been changed from Thursday evening to Tuesday.

—Dr. Lawrence has not authorized the use of his name as a candidate for Selectman for the ensuing year.

—Do all sleighing parties come to Lexington? It would seem so, certainly. We have everything to attract them.

—The next meeting of the Finance Club will occur at the Russell House, on the 14th inst.

—The Massachusetts House has entertained several very pleasant sleighing parties the past week. This house has always been a popular one for small parties.

—Rev. C. A. Staples will deliver his sermon on "Sowing and Reaping," next Sunday evening, at the First Parish church, at seven o'clock. All are cordially invited.

—The Trustees of Cary Library met Tuesday evening and transacted the routine business, examining the books, etc. Nothing of special interest occurred.

—The building committee of the Episcopal church have received donations of field stone from several persons, and will make arrangements for its transportation to the site for the new church at once.

—The sale of daily papers at Drummond's periodical store have been unusually large the past week. The interest in the shooting of O'Donovan Rossa would account for this special demand for the papers.

—Hon. W. A. Tower contributes a quantity of stone, which has been teamed from his land to the site of the proposed Episcopal church.

—Mr. Saville presents a new card in today's paper. His is certainly a model grocery in every respect and the signal success he has achieved is fully deserved.

—The Lexington Grain Mill is a busy place in the face of dull times elsewhere. We are pleased to know that the business of the first month this year was largely in excess of the corresponding period a month ago.

—A sleighing party from Arlington, was entertained at the T. E. Cutler farm, in the south part of the town, Monday evening. Glowing accounts reach us from their Arlington friends, as to the pleasures of the evening.

—The monthly missionary concert of the Hancock church occurred last Sunday evening, when reports were read from the various missions, both home and foreign, interspersed with singing.

—The many friends of Mrs. Seamans greatly regret the loss of so estimable a woman, who, during her short sojourn among us has won the respect and love of many. She died on Monday of heart disease at the residence of her brother, Mr. Jones.

—A call at the Boston Branch Store, Thursday morning, convinced us that this new enterprise was receiving a generous patronage. The stock in store is fresh, has been selected with great care, and is being sold at low prices.

—Monday evening, Feb. 9, at the First Parish church, Rev. Mr. Applebee will deliver his lecture on "Henry V., or the glory and shame of war." Mr. Applebee has proved himself a highly entertaining lecturer and we hope his audience may prove the largest yet drawn out.

—The Committee on Parishes and Religious Societies will give a hearing on the petition of the Church of the Redeemer, in East Lexington, for a change of name, at room No. 7, State House, Feb. 10, at 11 o'clock a. m. The wish is that the old name of "Follen" should be given to the society.

—Mr. Norris has completed the house he has been building on Bloomfield street for Mr. Raymond, of Cambridge, who will now make Lexington his home. Mr. Washburn, who is also building on this street, is pushing matters to a speedy conclusion.

—We understand that a printed copy of Mr. Staples' memorial address, delivered at the time of Mrs. Cary's death, is to be presented to the Cary Library. It is highly appropriate that all honor should be given one who has done so much for our library, the beneficial influence of which is felt all through the town.

—The advent of snow and fine sleighing have kept things in a high state of activity at the Russell House, which seems to be especially favored with sleighing parties. Every night this week has seen the house overrunning with guests.

Everything is done to make it pleasant for parties. Mr. Russell furnishes music for dancing, which has proved a successful venture on his part, as all the different parties participate, thus making a pleasant dancing party. Wednesday evening, the bankers of Boston and their wives made the house their headquarters.

—The next meeting of the Reading Club will be with Mrs. Geo. M. Reed. Irving's works are now to be taken up for the reading at their meetings. Mr. Stoddard's book, "Red Letter Days Abroad," has just been finished by the club, which proved highly entertaining in its description of European travel. The ladies composing the club are manifesting much interest in the project.

—The ladies of the Baptist church met with Mrs. Wetherbee for their monthly sewing circle on Wednesday, the gentlemen gathering in the evening to participate in the supper and sociable. Piano selections were furnished by Misses Carrie Whittier and Esther Whitaker, Miss Whittier also giving a reading. The remainder of the evening was spent socially.

—If Mr. Kendall desires to retire from the undertaking business, as he has intimated, the public needs can be easily and well supplied by a partnership between a competent young man of Lexington and the fully equipped establishment of Mr. John H. Hartwell, of Arlington. A combination of this kind would give to Lexington a service in this direction second to no town in this vicinity.

—The monthly gathering of the Sewing Circle and sociable of the Hancock society, occurred Thursday evening, at the residence of Mr. E. A. Shaw, on Main street. A bountiful and gracefully served supper was enjoyed in the early evening, the remainder of the evening being spent socially.

—Friday evening, Jan. 30, was given the second entertainment in the course of the Unity Club. The affair was under the management of the amusement committee, comprising Messrs. H. W. Davis, A. E. Locke, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Simonds, Misses E. J. Robinson and S. L. Butters, and Mrs. W. H. Smith. The programme prepared consisted of tableaux and readings from the writings of Dickens. The evening was a highly enjoyable one spent in witnessing the delineations of the great English novelist. The attendance was very good, as is generally the case with these popular entertainments.

—The lecture of Mr. Ladd, on Friday evening, at the Hancock church, was one of much interest and over-running with information of the progress of educational matters in New Mexico, specially of the University lately established and of which he is president. He has just secured from the government a grant of 30,000 for the advancement of the education of the native Indians, to be expended in connection with the work under the charge of the University, which will take the form of a branch university for the special use of the Indians. Mr. Ladd, as he well deserves to be, is highly elated over this great help to his benevolent project, which all interested in the educational advancement in our country will heartily endorse.

—At the meeting of the Debating Society, Tuesday evening, Mr. G. W. Sampson presided. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Brown for his services as secretary. The resignation of Mr. E. S. Emery was accepted and the following resolutions adopted:—

"Whereas: The originator of this club, having been compelled to sever his connection with this body, in which he has taken great interest, pride and pleasure, to seek his health in a distant state, be it,

Resolved, That we, members of the Lexington Debating Society, learn of his resignation with regret, and sincerely hope he may return, restored in health, to occupy his former position among us. And be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, together with the best wishes of the club be transmitted to him.

And be it

Resolved, That a copy be printed in the local papers."

After some business, the debate followed on

Resolved, That the Jury System should be abolished, by Messrs. Merriam, Flanders, Mulliken, and Reed.

Quite a good number were present, and were nearly equally divided on the merits of the question and debate.

A new constitution was adopted.

At the next meeting, the subject of "Cremation," will be discussed by Messrs. Brown, Tilden, F. G. Davis, and Clark.

—On Sexagesima Sunday there will be services as usual in the chapel of Our Redeemer, in Lexington. Morning prayer, sermon, and celebration of holy communion at 10.45 a. m. Evening prayer and sermon at 7.30 p. m. The Rev. C. W. K. Morrill of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, will preach and act as celebrant.

IN COMING HOURS.

In coming hours, when all we say,
Makes fullness of our bliss to-day
Has faded, as from summer sky
The sunset glories slowly die,
From gold and rose to dreary gray.

And I must learn as best I may
To watch it, as it fades away;
I think I will not moan or cry
In coming hours.

I think I will not utter "nay,"
Knowing that all things must decay;
Nor even weep, or question why,
But o'er our dead dream, tenderly,
For blessings for my darling pray,
In coming hours.

—All the Year Round.

DEVOTED FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

Ralph Archer and Louis Plover were held so closely together by the interlacings of friendship that they were rarely ever seen apart from each other. They were employed in the same department of the Arkansas State government; they occupied the same room, read the same books, and, at the restaurant, as Archer once declared, always ate off the same tablecloth. Both Archer and Plover were much given to study. The war having come on just in time to spoil the chances of a professional course at college, the two young men after the giant struggle had ceased, found themselves almost on a financial level with the demonstrative old Southern governor, who, when asked if he could not aid in the construction of a railway, replied, "You, gentlemen, may not believe it, but I haven't a blamed cent." Archer's parents were dead; Plover's father, mother and sister lived a short distance from town, in an old red brick house, where the two friends often spent much of their leisure time. Young Plover was especially devoted to his sister, a tall young woman who wore short hair. She possessed a soft, winning voice, but her eyes were cat like; she was easy of manner, but her words of greeting echoed with the hollowness of insincerity. Vain and envious, spiteful and jealous, the keen perception of young Archer told him that nature had not granted to her that righteousness with which her brother had been endowed.

"Ella," Plover one day said to his sister, "what do you think of my friend?"

"Mr. Archer?"

"Yes, you know I always speak of him as my friend."

"Oh, I like him because he is your friend."

"And for no other reason, Ella?"

"You mustn't ask me that, Lu."

"Well, but I want to know, sis."

"Are you afraid that I will marry him?"

"Afraid! Why, I would give anything if you should. He is a noble fellow, and quite worthy of you. In fact, he is the only man I would like to see you marry. Tell me, now, don't you love him?"

"Lu, you must be crazy. Do you suppose that I am going to tell you that I love a man before I find out that he loves me?"

"Oh, it is hardly time yet, for you have been home but a short time. Do you know that I cannot bear the idea of your being a governess any longer? I couldn't stand it, that's all."

"You are getting off the subject, Bud. Are you sure you never heard him say anything about me?"

"Quite sure. I have never asked him, and he is not the man to tell me unless I should."

"I tell you one thing I've noticed. Every time he comes home, with you—no, I won't say it."

"Yes, you must. What were you going to say?"

"No, it is better to leave it unsaid. It would sound selfish."

"Remember, girl, that you are talking to your brother. What were you going to say?"

"That while down here he always goes over to Gladrow's."

"What of that?"

"He goes to see Eva Gladrow. That's what there is of it."

"I think not. I have never heard him speak of her."

"But have you asked him? You said just now that he was not a man to tell you such things unless you should ask him. I declare the friendship existing between you two men is peculiar. You never confide your secrets to each other."

"Because we have none, doubtless."

"No, it is because you don't know how to be friends. You make a pretense of thinking much of each other, but I just know it wouldn't take anything hardly to make you fight."

"If he should insult me I would fight him, of course; but understanding each other so well, there is no likelihood of a quarrel. Believe I'll take a stroll. Want to go, pet?"

"No. Say, Lu, sometime I wish you would ask him."

"Ask him what?"

"Don't you remember? Oh, pshaw, your recollection is not as long as my finger. Ask him what he thinks of me."

CHAPTER II.

Young Archer sat in the Gladrow parlor. Beside him sat a girl with sunny hair, glowing cheeks, and eyes expressive of tenderest love.

"So you had no idea that I loved you, little girl?" taking her hand.

"I had hoped so, but I thought you must love your friend's sister."

"I don't see what put that into your head."

"Because she is so intelligent, I suppose."

"Nonsense, little woman. If she were the only being in the world I could not love her."

"Tell me, Mr. Archer," she anxiously asked, "are you quite sure that you really love me? If you should ever discover that you had made a mistake, how awful it would be."

"Such a time will never come," he replied, arising, leaning over and kissing her. "I could love no one else, for I believe that we were created for each other. I know that such words must have an old sound, but they are true, Eva, and old truths are the truest truths that exist."

"Are you going so soon?"

"Yes. The Plovers will keep dinner waiting. Good-bye, sweet girl," putting his arm around her. "I shall see you again soon."

She accompanied him to the door and kissed him.

CHAPTER III.

"Hello!" cried Plover as Archer was passing through the orchard. "Which way?"

"Just going to the house," stopping and joining his friend. "I didn't want them to keep dinner waiting."

"Where have you been roaming around?"

"I am not much of a roamer, you know. With an easy place to sit and an entertaining book I can content myself without killing time by muscular force."

"Have you been reading a book, Archer?" asked Plover, looking slyly at his friend.

"Yes, a book of beautiful poems. Shall we return to town this evening?"

"Just as you say. I am willing at any time. Father complained this morning because we do not come down oftener. He is growing old and I must humor him. Ella shall not go out again as governess. It makes me mad every time that I think she has been compelled to work for a living. It shall not occur again. Tell me, Archer, what do you think of her?"

"How could I think otherwise than well of my friend's sister? I am astonished that you should ask such a question, old boy."

"I am rather astonished myself, but it was anxiety, Archer, for it would be a grievous disappointment to know that you did not like her. There's the dinner bell now. We are just in time."

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. and Mrs. Plover were quite old people. They looked as though their spirits, once gay and vigorous had been broken. The empty row of cabins falling into decay; the once rich land now fluted with innumerable gullies; the black stumps where the boughs of the walnut grove once whispered in luxuriant down; the falling roof of the gin house—all may have had much to do with throwing the shadow of sadness on the faces of the old man and his wife.

After dinner the family assembled in the parlor. One by one they went away until Archer found himself and Ella to be the only occupants of the room.

"We are much gratified with your visits, Mr. Archer," said the young lady, "and we hope that you will accompany brother every time he comes home."

"I warmly appreciate the kindness you have all shown me, Miss Ella. This place reminds me so much of my own old home, whose smile was blighted by the frown of war, that I never tire of contemplating its surroundings."

"I hope the inmates, too, receive a share of your attention."

"Oh, yes. To the inmates, I think, belong the especial charm."

"Thank you. I did not think you could be so gallant."

"You are mistaking mere truth for gallantry."

"Do you know that I once thought that your conversation was surely as musty as the old books you read? Yes, and I could in imagination see you raking the cobwebs from your voice."

"An inconsistent conceit, Miss Ella, for in the first place I do not read musty books. Some of them may be old—which makes them all the better—but they are not musty. Mustiness does not necessarily accompany age. If so, old wine would be no longer sought. Where did Louis go? It was our intention to return this evening."

"If you are not entertained I will call him."

He looked up quickly, and studying her face, to discover whether the remark were in jest, replied;

"Another inconsistent conceit. You must think that I am beyond the range of entertainment."

"Oh, no, Mr. Archer. I know that I am dull. I know there are persons with whom you can find keener enjoyment."

Archer began to grow nervous and long for a chance of escape. Her face was flushed, and with a stare almost brazen, she gazed into his eyes. "You would rather talk to Eva Gladrow, and you can't deny it. Oh, I know I am dull."

"You are certainly peculiar, Miss Plover."

An adroit admission. Peculiar people are always dull. Shall I call my brother?"

"If you please."

Louis and his father were standing in the yard. She went to the window and called. A moment later Louis entered the room.

"Your friend is very restless," she said. "You'd better take him back to town."

"Ready any time, Arch. The horses are at the gate. Good-bye, sis. We'll be down again pretty soon."

"Good-evening, Miss Plover."

"Good-evening, sir."

Louis looked in astonishment.

"What makes you so silent?" asked Plover to his friend, when they had ridden some distance toward town.

"Your own silence, Louis, must have suggested the remark. You have not spoken since we left the house."

"I was thinking of sister."

"So was I," Archer could not help but rejoin.

"She is a dear girl, Arch, but I fear that you do not understand her."

"Rather strange, I think."

"How strange?" Louis eagerly asked.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Of course not. If you knew, she would not be strange. Mystery ceases when we understand it, and the fact that you do not understand her, makes her strange. Don't you think she is like my mother?"

"No."

"Like my father, eh?"

"No, she is unlike any one I have ever seen."

"You are not in a very good humor, Arch. I don't believe I ever before found you to be so gloomy."

CHAPTER V.

Archer went down into the country the next day, but instead of stopping at Plover's, he went direct to Gladrow's. A negro girl met him at the door.

"Can I see Miss Eva?"

"But for a moment, sir," replied the young lady, appearing in the hall. Ar-

cher advanced, not without perturbation, and extended his hand. The girl drew back.

"What on earth is the matter?" he asked.

"I don't wish to see you again, sir. You are unworthy of any one's confidence. I do not care to hear an explanation. Oh, you are a villain," bursting into a flood of tears. "Leave this house or I'll call my father. Go, I tell you!"

Archer was stunned. Mounting his horse he rode away. He could not understand the cause of the treatment he had received. He had not proceeded far when he met a young lady with whom he was acquainted—a friend of Miss Gladrow.

"Did you see Eva?" asked the young lady.

"Yes, but she—"

"I understand, and have tried to reason with her, but her heart is most broken."

"Great heaven, what is the cause of all this?"

"I will tell you, but you must not allow my name to be mentioned. Late yesterday evening Ella Plover, in whom Eva has great confidence, came over, very much excited, and told Eva that she had just rejected your offer of marriage. 'I told him,' said she, 'that I thought he was in love with you, but he laughed derisively, and replied that you were a weak little thing, credulous and without force of character.' That's the cause, but please don't say I told you."

Archer did not go to his room until late at night. The thought of meeting Louis made him shudder. When he entered the room, Louis was lying on the bed, reading.

"Hello, Arch; been down in the country, eh? Did you see sister?"

"Saw the dickens."

Louis sprang up. "What do you mean?"

"I beg your pardon, Louis. I did not intend to speak so harshly. Your sister has ruined me."

"Yes. She told Eva Gladrow that I had proposed to her, that—oh, she made me out a wretch, and—"

"I don't believe a word of it!"

"Well."

"And more than that, you shall not speak in that manner of my sister."

"You have heard what I said."

"Yes, and you shall hear what I say. You have a friend handy, I suppose?"

"I am not altogether friendless."

"Very well," getting up and putting on his clothes. "My friend will call on you, sir. Good night."

CHAPTER VI.

An hour afterward arrangements for a duel were completed. The young men were to meet in the country, not far from the Plover residence. Louis had expressed this wish, so that one or both of them, as the case might be, could be conveyed to the old house. The sun had just risen when the parties met in a little field surrounded by woods.

"Louis," said Archer, "even though we fight, let us remain friends. I cannot bear to think that the long time we have spent together was wasted. The word friendship was not to be blotted from the page of human intercourse."

"Archer," replied Plover, "as a man my heart warms toward you, but as a brother I can shoot you."

"Gentlemen," said one of the seconds, "can't we somehow arrange this unfortunate affair so that blood will not be spilled?"

"I am afraid not," Archer replied.

"It can be," exclaimed Plover. "Tell me from whom you got your information. Then we can investigate."

"I cannot."

"Then sir, I am ready."

"I don't see any harm in telling him," said Plover's second. "Even though you were to violate a promise you could find consolation in the thought that you had saved human life."

"Your remarks are kind, but unavailing," rejoined Archer. "I believe that my informant told the truth."

"I am ready," remarked Plover.

"Who is that climbing the fence?" asked Archer's second. "Your father, Plover. Yes, and he's got a gun."

The old man slowly approached. Taking his gun from his shoulder and cocking it, he said:

"I've got fifteen buckshot in each barrel, and I will kill the first man that says anything about fighting. Oh, I heard all about it. You are a fine lot of fools. Going to shoot each other, eh? Louis, Archer is right."

Louis dropped his pistol.

"Ella confessed it to me. She and Eva have made friends, and Archer, she is at my house, waiting for you."

Archer dropped his pistol.

"Wouldn't this have been a fine come off?" continued the old man. "I am a great mind to take a stick and beat all of you. Let us go to the house. Breakfast is about ready."

Louis and Archer embraced each other.

"I never saw Eva look so happy," remarked old man Gladrow to his wife.

"Well she may be, David, for she's got a good husband, and what more could a girl ask. I'd like to know?"—*Arkansas Traveler.*

How to Avoid the Press of Business.

"It is a matter of life and death. You are overworked, sir, and must take a rest."

"That is impossible, doctor. My best men are all sick, my customers are coming in by the hundreds, and I must be at my post."

"If your custom should temporarily drop off you could then find time to rest, couldn't you?"

"Certainly; but how can I temporarily stop off my old patrons from rushing in on me, even if the case should be, as you say, a matter of life and death?"

"Easy enough. Stop advertising!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

The Air Flower.

One of the curiosities of the New Orleans exposition is an air flower from the city of Mexico. It is two inches long, and resembles a bottle with wings and horns. The wings are of light sea-green color, dotted with specks. The horns are snow-white, and at the points very short. The body of the flower is pale yellow and deep orange, and gives a slight hyacinth perfume. Including the broad, banana-shaped leaves, the entire plant looks as though molded in wax.

A VOODOO INCANTATION.

HOW A YOUNG NEGRESS WAS CURED OF A SPELL.

A Weird Midnight Scene in Louisiana—Driving off the Evil Spirit by Dancing and Bell Ringing.

The parish of Bossier, in Louisiana, has a very large negro population. They became gregarious just after the close of the war and deserted farms for small tumble-down homes on the outskirts of some town. The more sensible of them advocated churches and schools, while the others worshipped the fetiches of the voodoo doctors, became their plant tools and participated in their weird incantations to dissipate some "evil spell" that had been put upon an individual or upon a community. Each town or neighborhood had its voodoo magicians, and also its persons with the evil eye, usually aged negroes. If a young, strong negro man happened to come under the influence of the evil eye he began to pine, to lose interest in the world, and unless the spell was taken off by some counter charms and midnight proceedings, he ended invariably by dying. Dog hair, bacon skin, chicken entrails and jimson weeds entered largely in the treatment of "spell" cases by the regular voodoo doctors. The writer, while visiting that parish, by a piece of good luck learned from the trusted servant of a gentleman that a voodoo incantation would take place to raise the evil spell off of Keziah, formerly a young, stout negress, who had dwindled down to a shadow. Keziah was engaged to marry and one fine evening she and her lover were out strolling. As they passed Aunt Sophy Lawson's unpretentious cottage, a dog rushed out to bite them, but Keziah's lover was valiant and kicked the notion out of the animal in a second. Its yelps, as it retreated, brought the aged negress, Aunt Sophy, to the door. She raised her thin hands before her face, crossed them, pulled off the large red handkerchief on her head, waved it three times and threw it over her back, looking all the time at Keziah. Keziah saw the motions and trembled. The very next day she said that she heard strange noises at her back and sometimes in front, and had no appetite to eat. In three days she drooped, and was not the same buxom woman and hearty eater. In three weeks her case was considered almost hopeless.

Uncle Shed, the high priest of voodoo doctors, had the case. He alleged in his diagnosis that Sophy must have had rabbit blood on the handkerchief she waved, or else his simple prescription of planting a piece of bacon skin with three dog hairs through under Keziah's doorposts at 3 o'clock at night would have long since perfected a cure. If it was rabbit blood, as he felt sure, then the "spell" on the unfortunate woman could only be raised by a midnight incantation, at which other doctors, Keziah, her lover and several relatives had to be present and assist. Uncle Shed said that it was a hard case and much had to be done. Uncle Shed had a sister, who lived a mile from town near a small creek on an unfrequented road. Here the performance was to take place. Arriving at the place the writer concealed himself on a little hill across the creek, commanding an excellent view of the hut and the open space in front. It was after 11 o'clock and there were no signs of any life around. The stars were out, but the moon had not risen. The night was warm, and away down the creek the echo of croaking frogs could be heard. And to add more to the lonesomeness of the situation, a big hooting owl just overhead on a black jack tree limb began to utter its melancholy noise. It lacked a quarter of 12 o'clock. The hut door suddenly opened, and the sister of Uncle Shed, clad in a fiery red calico dress, came out, looked around, and suddenly pulled a cow's horn from the folds of her dress and blew one mournful, far echoing blast. It was answered far up the road seemingly. She rushed back in the house and brought out a shovel full of coals and deposited them in the middle of the space. Then she piled pine knots on it, and soon a solid flame was shooting upward, sputtering and crackling, throwing shadows on the trees and logs around. Down a narrow path from the main road forms were outlined advancing rapidly. Into the open space Uncle Shed leaped with one bound, followed by four other doctors, Keziah, blindfolded, and her relatives. His dress was very fantastic for a conjurer. He had on a tight blue flannel head handkerchief with a long rooster feather drooping from the rear, and wore his coat wrong side outward, displaying to full advantage the red lining. His pants were rolled up to his knees, and down his coal-black skin exposed, wide white chalk marks descended spirally or barber pole fashion. His feet were bare and unpainted. In his left hand he carried a long broom handle, and in his right a red handkerchief supposed to be the size and color of the one Aunt Sophy used to work the spell on Aunt Keziah. The other doctors were similarly attired, only they had no feather on their heads, and the white chalk stripes around their legs were narrower.

Keziah, still blindfolded, was led into the hut, but not until one of the doctors had waved a handkerchief three times before the door and put a piece of bacon skin under the doorstep. More fagots were added to the fire and the incantation solely to remove the awful "spell" commenced. Uncle Shed's sister came out and walked three times around the fire, humming a low ditty, and throwing a handful of salt into the flames at each round. She then kissed her hand three times at the flames and walked backward into the hut. All this, however, was merely preliminary. She came out again with a tin pan and beat a three-time motion on it with a stick. The five voodooists now began to circle round the fire, but at a long distance, gradually narrowing the circle. Each one waved his handkerchief and kept time with the three-time beat of the woman, who stood still. As they slowly went round and round, lessening the circle, the chances for the afflicted woman to be worked into the scene appeared rather remote. She was in the house with her relatives, the door closed and her vision obscured by a bandage. The tin pan beating became quicker; the doctors were nearer the flames. With a sudden leap Uncle Shed cleared the

flame, which was not very high, followed in quick succession by the others. Rushing around they jumped over the fire three times, and the last time each dropped a piece of bacon skin with three dog hairs in it. A bright white light came from the burning bacon. In a second their hands were locked together and over they jumped again and ran to the hut door. It opened. Keziah sprang out with eyes still bandaged. They encircled her in a circle of locked hands and danced around her. Finally by a sudden movement they seized her and rushed over the flame. Thrice they bore her over the magic flame, and on the last trip Uncle Shed repeated something hurriedly, and then tore the bandage from her eyes. As he did so he pulled a white handkerchief from his pocket, smeared in three different places with rabbit blood, and wiped both of her cheeks three times. All of them uttered a low chuckling sound, the tin pan which had been beaten continually, stopped, and the lover and relatives of Keziah kissed her. The fire was getting low and the moon was rising. All their hands joined around the sacred flame and chanting a plaintive dirge they danced around three times. The feather in Uncle Shed's head by this time had fallen out, and the white lines on his legs in several places had become indistinct. The moon came over the tree tops full-orbed, a cock crowed thrice and the fire went out as Keziah, free from the "spell," departed with her relatives and wonderful voodoo doctors.

She is now married, but has never yet had the temerity to come in contact with the evil eyes of Aunt Sophy.—*New York Express.*

Littrature of the Sneeze.

A writer in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* furnishes an article on "the literature of the sneeze." Many curious traditions and superstitions were connected with sneezing in ancient times and some have been preserved until modern and less credulous periods. The writer says:

When to sneeze or where to sneeze seems to have been a matter of some moment among the ancients. According to Aristotle, sneezing from noon to midnight is good, from night to noon the reverse, and another sneezologist declares: "If any one sneeze for three nights in succession it may be taken as a sign that some one will die in the house," or that some other calamity is close at hand. In Lancaster the old folk lore will have it that much depends on the day when the sneeze is uttered.

Sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger; Sneeze on Tuesday, you kiss a stranger; Sneeze on Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter.

Sneeze on Thursday, for something better; Sneeze on Friday, you'll sneeze for sorrow; Sneeze on Saturday, your sweetheart to-morrow.

Sneeze on Sunday, your safety seek. The devil will have you the rest of the week.

In the sixteenth century there lived at Rome one Fabianus Strader, who was a professor of rhetoric in the Gregorian college, and among his contributions to literature is an elaborate work on the subject of sneezing. He studied the subject thoroughly, and relates that one Pistor Suburanus died in a fit of sneezing, expiring at the twenty-fourth sneeze.

Milton, the grand old poet of "Paradise Lost," says: "Harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze," and Dean Swift, in relating the adventures of Gulliver, has it, that "the captain's nose was tickled with a straw, which made him sneeze violently."

That there is a proper time and place to sneeze, both when it can be profitably done, is evidenced by the conduct of a young ensign, poor and friendless, of the English army. He was once attending a grand ball and stood near a fat duchess. She inadvertently uttered an enormous sneeze—in fact, a snort, calculated to bring upon her the ridicule of the assembled guests. The young ensign took in the situation, re-echoed the refrain, and grasping his nose as if to throttle the sneeze, rushed from the room, leaving the guests to suppose that he was the offender. The next day he received a captain's commission from the duchess's husband, with a line from the madame that "it was an ill sneeze that did nobody any good."

Sneezes were always interpreted favorably. It was always believed that Cupid sneezed whenever a beautiful girl was born, which was the mode of returning thanks to Venus. Thus, speaking of a beautiful woman the poet said: "The lover had sneezed at her birth." The sweet little poem of Acme and Septimellus expresses the idea beautifully:

Acme then her head reflecting
Kisses her sweet youth's ebriate eyes,
With her rosy lips connecting
Looks that glistened with replies,
Thus, my life, my Septimellus!
Serve me love, our only master,
One warm love flood seems to thrill us
Throbs it not in me the faster?"

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Sharks have eyelids while snakes have none.

The favorite attitude of a bat when at rest is that of suspension by the claws, with head downward.

The grasshopper develops from the young larva to the winged adult without changing its mode of life.

At Ushallata, Buenos Ayres, a fearful shower of stones fell, lasting eighteen minutes. It destroyed the grazing and cultivated land, leaving many persons completely destitute.

The flower known as pæony derives its name from Pæon, a Greek physician, who, it is said, employed this plant as a medicine for the healing of Pluto, who was wounded by Hercules.

In Paris, an electric lamp fed with a portable accumulator has been selected and rendered obligatory for use in seeking leaks in gas pipes. It is probable that many disastrous explosions will be thus avoided.

Twelve carat gold is made of coin gold seventy-five parts, further alloyed with forty parts copper and twenty-two parts silver. This makes a combination of good appearance and one which stands the acid test well.

The little living worms which have been discovered in ice are described by Professor Leidy as being white or colorless, and from one-quarter to one-sixth of an inch long by one-seventh-fifth of an inch in thickness, the species being unknown.

The blood of the lower animals is commonly colorless. It has, however, a bluish cast in crustaceans, reddish, yellowish or greenish in worms, and reddish, greenish or brownish in jelly fishes. The blood is colorless in the muscular part of fishes; that of birds is of the deepest red. The red liquid which appears when the head of the fly is crushed is not blood, but comes from the eyes. In vertebrates the blood is red, excepting in one species of white-blooded fish.

The spider, by a careful estimate made by means of actually weighing it and then confining it in a cage, ate four times its weight for breakfast, nearly nine times its weight for dinner, thirteen times its weight for supper, finishing up with an ounce, and at 8 p. m., when he was released, ran off in search of food. At this rate a man weighing 160 pounds would require the whole of a fat steer for breakfast, the dose repeated with the addition of a half dozen well-fattened sheep for dinner, and two bullocks, eight sheep and four hogs for supper, and then, as a lunch before going to his club banquet, he would indulge in about four barrels of fresh fish.

The Snow Cure.

Writing about "Canada as a Winter Resort," W. George Beers says in the *Century*: "Two years ago we had an exceptionally severe winter in Manitoba. Its severity and peculiarities were precisely the same in Dakota and Minnesota. I was en route from Brandon to Winnipeg, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles by rail, and was caught in a snow blockade which lasted eight days, and kept us in a situation not likely again to occur. The storm was so severe that relief trains could not leave Winnipeg, and a couple of us who had the long snow shoes used on the prairies tramped to and from farm houses a couple of miles distant for provisions for the passengers. The snow plows were of no use, and in a desperate attempt to cut a way through the drifts, the engine jumped the track and came to grief. The train was pulled back from the debris by an engine in the rear, and the next morning we found ourselves separated from the wreck by deep drifts, some of them fifteen feet high. Night after night passed; the coal and wood ran short; two of the cars were abandoned by the passengers, and, to economize fuel, we were crowded into the two remaining cars. The sleeping accommodation improvised was very amusing. Fancy roosting two in a single seat, with your knees doubled up to your chin; or lying like sardines, four in a double seat; or propped on top of the back of the seats, which were turned up and brought together so as to form a sort of double deck. Shovelers had been working day and night, but there were too few of them; and at last the passengers went to work, and from 9 a. m. until 5 p. m. pitched the snow with might and main, and succeeded in clearing the track. In order to pass the obstacle of the wrecked engine, we raised old rails, got ties and laid a new side-track on the hard snow, and our cars were safely shoved forward. Shovelers from Winnipeg had succeeded, with the snow-plow, in reaching us, and we were soon on our way. The effect of this exposure upon the health of many of the passengers was remarkably good. One clergyman who had come out from England for some affection of the throat, was determined to do his share of the shoveling. He had very thin moccasins on his feet, and during the day, as there was a warm wind, they were wet through. He never expected to see England again, but that one day's work cured him effectually. Other persons suffering from throat and lung affections have not since been troubled. One would suppose the conditions were just those to provoke illness, but the very reverse was the case."

A Laughing Plant.

This is not a flower that laughs, but one that creates laughter, if the printed stories of travelers are to be believed. It grows in Arabia and is called the laughing plant, because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing gas. The flowers are of a bright yellow, and the seed pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble small black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or madman, for he will dance, sing and laugh most boisterously, and out the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases the exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.

The total production of anthracite coal during the year 1894 was 30,800,735 tons, against 31,771,183 tons in 1893.

WITCHES OF THE LOBBY.

HANDSOME WOMEN WHO VISIT THE HALLS OF CONGRESS.

Interesting Sketches of the Persons Whose Business It is to Influence the Legislation of Congress.

A Washington correspondent of the *New York Journal* says: The members of the fair sex have at different times wielded a potent influence in the Washington lobby. There are many thrilling and romantic stories about the parts played by lady lobbyists in the past.

In this field the ladies have a great advantage over their male competitors. Even in the most palmy days of the lobby no woman was ever heard to say, after the manner of Dr. Bradford: "Yes, I am a lobbyist, and am proud of it. It is only a profession." It is, therefore, extremely difficult now, when the decrees of society have made lobbying still more objectionable, to ascertain the names of ladies who interest themselves in promoting legislation.

Many of the fairy tales told about charming female lobbyists at the capitol really have a very small foundation to build upon. The ladies, however, have not altogether given up the delightful practice of lobbying, the *Journal* correspondent has discovered by looking about a little.

During the sessions of Congress the capitol building is constantly crowded with people of both sexes. At either end of the capitol a special provision is made for the benefit of the ladies. These accommodations consist of large reception-rooms where ladies can retire, send in their cards to members or Senators and hold long conversations with them uninterrupted. When a Senator is anxious to hold a special private conversation with a visitor he can invite her into the marble room. The members are denied this privilege. They are compelled to draw their chairs up close together and talk in whispers.

Mrs. Jane Spencer is a handsome widow and can be seen almost any day around the capitol in the act of bewitching Congressmen into voting as she wishes them to. Mrs. Spencer is highly educated, and as a conversationalist has few equals anywhere. She lives in very modest style in the north-western part of the city and classes among her friends some of the most distinguished people in Washington. No one would apply the term lobbyist to Mrs. Spencer. She is said to be rich and only interests herself in legislation that will help poor and deserving people. Many a poor widow to-day owes her pension to the efforts of Mrs. Spencer. Very few Congressmen can resist her. The mute appeal of her large brown eyes would turn a heart of stone.

Miss Elizabeth Hawley is under thirty and says that she hates all men, but she makes exceptions to members and Senators. She is regularly engaged by a large pension firm here to look after their claims before Congress. Miss Hawley can out talk any Congressman. She haunts the cloak rooms of both houses, and never lets go her hold upon a victim until he has promised to vote for her bill. Miss Hawley is sometimes described as the "holly terror." She was Belva Lockwood's chief assistant in the presidential canvass.

The "queen of the lobby" is from New Orleans, and possesses the clear complexion and striking beauty so common among the Southern ladies. Mrs. Clarendon is a good lawyer and does not hesitate to enter into the most exhaustive legal argument to carry her point. She lives on Capitol hill, and may be worth \$50,000.

Mrs. Margaret Davis is the widow of a retired army officer. She finds, she says, in watching the movements of Congress amusement and a diversion from the everyday affairs of life. She becomes interested in measures and follows them up simply for "amusement." Mrs. Davis' eyes are very captivating, and she does not hesitate to use them when a vote is at stake.

General Sherrill, of New York, stands at the head of the lobby to-day. He succeeded Sam Ward. General Sherrill's motto is the old one, that every man has his price.

He began life as the private secretary of Governor E. D. Morgan. It was there he got his start. He is not very affable and does not believe in wasting time in coming to the point.

Much of General Sherrill's success in Washington is due to his charming wife and daughter. Mrs. and Miss Sherrill have long been prominent social figures here. Both mother and daughter entertain a great deal, and are seen at all the receptions of note. Mrs. Sherrill is very young-looking. Mother and daughter are frequently mistaken for sisters.

General Sherrill has charge here of the Union Pacific interest. This pays him a handsome income aside from any outside work.

He is over sixty years old, has snow-white hair and side-whiskers and walks with a slight stoop. He might easily be taken for retired Wall street broker.

On any railroad-day in the House or Senate the general is always on hand, on the principle he says that all men are honest, but they need watching. Joe Rickey (sometimes called Colonel Joe) of St. Louis, is a younger man than General Sherrill, but he is almost as useful. Rickey has a mania for betting. He will bet that it will rain to-morrow, or he will bet that it won't, and give you odds either way. He has the reputation for never taking a bluff.

A short time ago a Western Congressman meeting Rickey in a bar-room alone thought he would test his "sand." Calling several of his friends around him the Congressman said in a loud voice: "I'm a better man than Betteville. Who has got the courage to match nickels with me for \$500?"

"I will," said Rickey. The Congressman turned pale. That was more than he bargained for. The idea of anybody taking up such a wild, desperate bluff as that made his blood run cold.

He could not back out, however, and so he produced a nickel. "Lost!" said the Congressman. Then he tried it again just to get even, and lost once more. This sobered him up. His experience cost him \$1,000.

Rickey drives fast horses, lives well and has a strong hold on Southern and Western Congressmen. He and "Doc-

tor" Bradford, the subject of the next sketch, are said to be responsible for some of that postal legislation, designated officially as star route, that passed the House several years ago.

Doctor Bradford is a native of Cincinnati. "Yes, I am a lobbyist," he says frankly, "and I am not ashamed of it."

Dr. Bradford believes that lobbying as a fine art can only be carried on by gentlemen. Bradford is a smooth talker and an excellent judge of wine and horses. He keeps the best of both. He keeps the best of both. He is seldom seen about the capitol. His labors are carried on outside. The three men mentioned above are the principal figures in the Washington lobby. There are a number of lesser lights, but as yet they have only acquired a limited degree of fame.

Training Horses for the Circus.

To the ordinary spectator the training of an animal to perform various feats is regarded as the most difficult part of the breaker's duty, whereas, in fact the training of a trick horse requires a much shorter time than the making of a ring or pad horse. A trick horse can be made to perform in public in six months; some require less time, some more; but it is seldom that an animal is fit to carry a rider round the ring with less than two years' practice, and two and a half years is no uncommon time. Trick horses are by no means new inventions, as one of the Arundel manuscripts shows a horse standing on a tight-rope, while in the time of Queen Elizabeth lived "Morvea," a bay horse belonging to one Banks, who in an old picture is represented as directing with a whip the movements of the horse as the latter stands on his hind legs. Among other tricks, Morvea would tell the number of pence in any silver coin, while "he not only knew the number of francs in a crown, but knew that the crown was depreciated at that time, and the exact amount of the depreciation. The system of teaching a horse depends a good deal upon the temperament of the teacher. Many teach them by kindness, but in some instances there is every ground for believing that the horse is subjected to severe punishment before he is considered sufficiently perfect to come into the ring. When the lesson is once learned it is never forgotten. Many years ago William Cooke, for a long time the lessee of Astley's, bought and broke a very small pony, the smallest alive, it was said. After performing for about six years, he was sold, the pony being then about ten or eleven. Seven years later, when Mr. Cooke was at Bristol, a man came to him saying that he had a pony for sale that would be just the thing for a circus, as he was so small. "How old is he?" asked Mr. Cooke. "Six," was the answer. "Bring him up here," said the equestrian; and the pony was accordingly brought. Mr. Cooke at once recognized his old servant, told the man that the pony was at least seventeen years old, and that he himself had broken him a dozen years ago, and that he would prove it. He then gave the pony his "cues," and the little animal went through his tricks as readily as though he had never been off the sawdust. In England of late years, the great difficulty has been to get competent lady riders. As the number of their feats is necessarily limited, they must be performed with the greatest possible finish, and when this perfection has been reached the artists betake themselves to America, France or Spain, where they can command much higher salaries than an English manager would offer. Recently at a London circus the proprietors were put to such shifts for a lady rider that they were forced to dress up a boy in female attire and give him a foreign name, under which he succeeded in earning applause night after night without the secret being found out.—*London Field*.

Scenes at a Fair in Yucatan.

On the 8th of December the festival of Our Lady of Izamal is celebrated with great pomp. A large fair is also held in the city during those days in her honor. Even merchants from neighboring States flock there, if not to kneel at the shrine of the Virgin, to worship at the altar of Mercury. Devotees on these occasions crowd the private apartment of the doll, which is also carried in solemn procession, decked in gorgeous array, and followed by a long train of worshippers.

After church service is over, all leave in a hurry and rush to the bull-fight. Many of the Indians, who know absolutely nothing about tauromachy, enter the ring to fight the bull, exposing themselves to be injured for life, or die a painful death. In this we see an ancient custom yet prevalent. The ancients sacrificed their lives to deities for any benefit received. To-day an Indian begs a favor of his patron saint, and as a proof of his deep gratitude promises to fight a bull, keep drunk a certain number of days, or do some other rash thing.

Bull-fighting in Yucatan is not like bull-fighting in Spain. The ring is a double palisade sustaining sheds covered with palm leaves, that are divided into boxes. Every one provides his own seat. The best and the worst, big and small, all attend the bull-fight. Those who, on foot, merely play with the bull, only have a henequen sack to serve as a shield. Others, also on foot, are provided with a sharp iron head, like that of an arrow, called rejon. When the people are tired of seeing the bull played with, they call for the rejoneiros. Those with the spears described then come forward. Their business is to strike the bull in the nape and kill it, but is seldom done at once. The beast is chased by two or three men, blow after blow is dealt, the blood gushing fresh each time. The first pain makes the animal furious, but the loss of blood soon weakens it, and it becomes almost harmless. Then the horsemen are called on to lasso it and drag it away. While another bull is being fetched the rockets are fired, the people applaud, the band plays, a clown meanwhile doing his best to amuse the spectators. If a bull is disinclined to fight, they gird his body with ropes in every possible way, fastening fire crackers about his head and tail. Aggravated and tortured, the poor beast jumps about, and the crackers explode, to the great delight of all present, big and small. This renders it furious for a few minutes; but if it again refuses to fight it is taken away as a coward not worth killing.—*Harper*.

Discipline in the Chinese Army.

The Shanghai correspondent of the *London and China Telegraph* writes: A few Chinese soldiers passed through the settlement to-day in full panoply of war—that is, all of them had umbrellas opened out to keep their jackets dry, as they marched in the rain. Some of them had ridges on their shoulders in any way but the right one, more of them had flags with which to scare the French. They were most of them fine fellows, but lack the very essentials of making them formidable against an enemy, although they will no doubt prove formidable to the peasantry in the neighborhood of their camp. The lack of discipline is a fruitful cause of trouble in the Chinese army; officers are often unfit for their positions and unable to control the men under them by gentle means, but they are willing to use harsh ones. Flogging is quite common in the Chinese camp, and there appears to be no limit to the number of strokes an offender may receive, for any infraction of the rules of propriety any number of strokes from 50 to 500, or even 5,000 may be given. I have often seen 2,000 administered to a man for slight offenses. Sometimes the lictor himself gets licked for being too gentle in the use of his bamboo. Of course a long continued beating, however gentle, soon beats the flesh into a black and deadened mass, which is often broken and bleeding, and takes a long time to cure. The marks generally remain during life, but that is a matter of small consideration to officers who have themselves suffered such punishments. Sometimes the officers appear to have a desire of avenging themselves on the unfortunate members of their corps, as an atonement for the wrongs they have themselves suffered. Cutting off a finger or an ear, sometimes the lips, is resorted to as a punishment for slight offenses. Many Chinese officers have but one ear.

Trees and Drought.

In looking over exchanges, in an article on "Forest Preservation" the eye lights on the following statements: "It is an accepted fact that trees attract rain, that in sufficiently wooded districts and areas of country, droughts are of less common occurrence than in over cleared sections." That the above is an accepted theory (with many) is admitted. That it is an accepted fact is not true. The worst drought experienced during the past season was in the mountain region of Western Virginia and Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, a sparsely settled, densely wooded district. Intense droughts in the densely wooded districts of Northern Michigan have prepared the way for the destructive forest fires which have swept over that country. During the last season Southern Illinois and Indiana, naturally a forest region and with a large percentage of the land yet in timber, have suffered severely by drought, while the prairie region of much of Northern Illinois and Iowa has had an excess of rainfall. Enthusiasts on the subject of forest preservation and forest culture are apt to propound theories claimed to be based on facts which the facts themselves do not sustain. The real facts are that the sources or original cause of rainfall are remote from the locality of precipitation, which depends upon currents of pure air charged with moisture coming in contact with colder currents, and not upon what may be growing upon the earth. The clouds may accumulate their supply of moisture hundreds of miles from the locality of precipitation.—*New York World*.

A Voice From the Dead.

A circumstance of recent origin, which is vouched for by people of Christian character and high social standing in this community, confirms this strange story of biological conditions. A couple of years ago Willie Lord, a young man well known and well liked in Pontiac and Detroit, lost his life in Washington. There was no preliminary sickness, as his death was caused by drowning. At the time he died, a lady, the member of a family who were all intimate friends of the young man, was living in New Mexico. She was formerly Miss Virginia Palmer, of Pontiac, and is now, I think, Mrs. Anderson. This lady who, in common with her family, regarded Willie as a dear friend, was sitting in her room in New Mexico with open windows, when she heard a well-known whistle—a snatch from a bar of music, with which young Lord always announced his coming. Her first thought was one of mingled pleasure and surprise; pleasure at seeing her friend and surprise that he should be in that far distant part of the country. But there was no mistaking the repeated strain of the signal-whistle. She ran to the windows; he was not there. To the doors. No one had seen any person. The event so impressed her that she sat down and wrote to Mrs. Lord, and the bereaved mother answered that at that time her son was dead. Was it then the music of the spheres that had been conveying an unintelligible message to earth-bound ears?—*Detroit Free Press*.

The "Old Masters."

In several principal towns of Italy there are regular workshops for the forgery of the masters who formerly painted there. Thus, in Bologna, the imitations are chiefly of the Caracci and their followers, as well as of Carlo Dolce and Sassoferrata; at Venice, of Titian and Giorgione. In Milan and Ferrara, the fabrications after the schools of Luini and Garofalo are especially successful, as well as those of Marone's beautiful portraits. Old and ruined panels are chosen, and either restored to the original design, or, if that has been obliterated, they are prepared and painted afresh. Sometimes the portions that have suffered least are allowed to remain, and new bits of varied composition are ingeniously dovetailed into the piece, which is then repainted with varnish, the better to puzzle too curious observers. In all these cases, the treatment of some famed master is so exactly imitated as often to baffle detection, even where suspicion has been roused by the confused appearance of the work; and the dissimilarity of surface often escapes minute criticism, out of respect to the warm channels visible behind. The forgeries thus executed are issued by a class of Italian dealers, who, sometimes in the disguise of gentlemen, lend themselves to the indisposition and share its profits.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

The first case of Asiatic cholera in this country occurred in 1832.

WISE WORDS.

All lives have their prose translation as well as their ideal meaning.

A good name, like good will, is got by many actions and lost by one.

*Statesmen work in the dark until the idea of right towers above expediency or wealth.

The pitying tears and fond smiles of woman are like the showers and sunshine of spring.

Every man's life lies within the present, for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.

Idleness is the hotbed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the waste of time, the canker-worm of felicity.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything it is of a good action done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fly thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.

The world could not exist if it were not simple. This ground has been tilled a thousand years, yet its powers remain ever the same; a little sun, and each spring it grows green again.

It has been well observed that the tongue discovers the state of the mind no less than that of the body, but in either case, before the philosopher or the physician can judge the patient must open his mouth.

We never regret the kind words we have spoken, nor the retorts we have left unsaid; but bitterly do we recall sharp words spoken angrily, and unkind actions that may have caused tears to come to the eyes that will never shed them more.

The Latest Fashionable Folly.

"Bleeding is becoming fashionable among young society swells of both sexes, but is mostly practiced by young men," said a physician.

By bleeding persons naturally become a little pale, and this gives them a kind of aristocratic or distinguished appearance. For instance, if a young man has been rejected by the lady who has upset his reason he can play upon her sympathies by having himself bled. The loss of blood would make him pale and interesting, and he could lounge around home for a few days and send out a report that he was dying of a broken heart. His paleness would show that something was the matter with him, and it might excite the lady's sympathy, if she had that element in her icy fashionable composition. The face could not be powdered or painted so as to represent illness. The ladies understand that artifice too well; and a great many are adopting the bleeding process. It is not that they wish to convey the impression that they are dying by inches from grief. They don't do that now. But occasional bleeding makes them naturally pale, and their pretty faces are more easily colored in consequence. With a white background, or rather face, the face is colored without the preliminary trouble of washing it with a white compound before coloring is put on. The colors stick better, the paint does not show so plainly, does not close the pores of the skin so hermetically; a smoother appearance generally. Then, again, it is not the correct thing in fashionable society to appear too rosy and healthful. It would look as if they followed some occupation for a living. School girls, you know, eat pickles and slate pencils under the impression that it will make them thin by drying up the blood. Bleaching is the latest device in fashionable society, and is resorted to by both sexes for opposite purposes. During the summer ladies are bleached, or bled, under the impression that the reduction of blood prevents an excess of perspiration—and nothing is considered more unfashionable than to perspire. That is why so many ladies look so cool and icy chilling in the red-hot months of summer. I do not know that the young men drink salt water after being bled like the other calves that are bleached for the market by cruel butchers, but no doubt salt water will soon become a fashionable craze in connection with the bleeding process.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Ancient Missals.

The term "missals," in general modern parlance, is applied to the ancient books or manuscripts of the Roman Catholic religious service which have been handed down to us from mediæval or later times in public or private collections, national museums, monasteries, convents and libraries. They offer valuable examples of the state of the book-making arts in the different periods to which they belong. They form monuments of art, history and literature, which even time and human vandalism have respected. Modern bookmaking produces nothing to compare with these magnificent specimens of artistic intelligence, manual skill and industry, and the modern bookmaker, whatever his skill may be, can learn much from these landmarks of the development of the artist, the binder, the calligrapher, the paper maker, the designer and the worker in precious metals, enamels and rich stuffs.

The most ancient missal known is that of Vercelli, said to have been written by St. Eusebius, who died 370 A. D. The most ancient secular illuminated work known to modern writers is the Virgil of the Vatican, which belongs to the period of the close of the fourth century. Ancient Byzantium was celebrated for its professional illuminators—both of secular and religious works. St. Augustine introduced the art of illuminating into England and thence into Ireland, and the Irish monastic missals are among the finest examples both of the illumination and general bookmaking of the time. Through Charlemagne's protection of the learned Alcuin of York, schools of illumination and calligraphy were established in Paris and other cities of the empire. The effects of these schools upon the missal art of the monasteries was naturally great. One of the finest productions of that period is the Evangelary of Charlemagne. The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris contains the best examples of the Carolingian missals in Europe. The Astor library in New York possesses a superb work of this period, valued at a thousand pounds.—*Art Age*.

INCENTIVES TO LAUGHTER.

STORIES TOLD BY NEWSPAPER MERRY MEN.

A Treat in Store for Charlie—Jarphy Brought Down to Earth—The Old Man's Dream, Etc.

Two young ladies entered a cigar store and one of them said timidly:

"Have you any choice cigars, sir? I want them for a present."

"Oh yes, Miss," replied the tobacco-conist, "We have any choice you like from a cent apiece up."

"I think I will take some of the one-cent ones, then, if they are choice. I had no idea cigars were so cheap. Won't Charlie be delighted?" she said to her companion as they left the store. "Poor boy! He is so fond of a choice cigar, and they will taste all the better," she added, with a little blush, "for having come from me."—*New York Times*.

Jarphy Brought Down to Earth.

"Sometimes as I gaze into the great starlit girdle of earth, and try to fathom the mystery of space, I am lost in the utter helplessness of my littleness," remarked Mr. Jarphy. "How impossible it is for the human mind to comprehend anything without a beginning and an end! It is beyond its capabilities, however cultured or brilliant that mind may be. For what then are our little petty ambitions, spites, malices, struggles, and exertions? For what do we exist? For—"

"Got that wood chopped yet, Jeremiah?" called out Mrs. Jarphy from the kitchen.

"I'm chopping it," replied her husband.

"Well, you'd better hurry—I reckon if you have to go without your supper you won't be wondering what you exist for."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

The Old Man's Dream.

A man may be old, bald-headed and bow-legged like myself, but, somehow, the heavy snow and the delightful jingle of sleigh-bells warms up his old blood, and makes him forget all that quicker than a tramp can spend a dime. In his mind, he is again a cantankerous youngster, with red hair, a good horse in front of him that can be driven with one hand; plenty of robes to keep out the cold, and a pretty girl by his side, with a jolly, romping, hearty, hilarious laugh that chips in with the bell music most merrily. And, then, whoop, la! jingle! jingle! jingle! here we go, over the glittering frost and snow, in the light of the moon, so pale and sweet, not caring a snap if we freeze our feet. Jingle! jingle! jingle! away we fly over the snow and under the sky! Over the level and across the bridge, down the valley and along the ridge! Jingle! jingle! jingle! over the plain, up the hill and down again! Around the bend and into the lane, not caring a cent, and neither does Jane. Jingle! jingle! jingle! whoop, there! git! On we go, with a ring and a rush, through the clearing, and over the brush! Along by the meadow, and over the brook, following the road the dog sleigh took! Jingle! jingle! jingle! Forward still, up the turnpike, down by the mill! Jingle! jingle! jingle! give another shout! Zip! what's that? we're both spilled out! Clamber up and climb in, Jane, forward again with might and main. Jingle! jingle! jingle! the tavern—see! Filled with fun, and alive with glee! Hear the fiddles a-going it fine, and see the dancers forming in line. Jingle! jingle! jingle! here we are, just in time to get our share. Ho, boy, ho, can't you emmy stay, while this young gal hops out of the sleigh? Come, now, bald-head, up and away, or you will sit and dream all day!—*Chicago Ledger*.

A Skillful Professor.

"Ah, hah!" exclaimed Prof. Mayorhuff, looking up from a book and turning to his wife.

"What have you found, dear?"

"Listen to this from Horace Greeley: 'I am fully persuaded that if chopping wood were universal, rheumatism and dyspepsia would be unknown.'"

"Well, what of that?" asked Mrs. Mayorhuff.

"What of it? Why, I shall chop wood, that's what there is of it."

"Did you ever chop wood?"

"Did I ever chop wood? Haven't I been editor of the *Woodman* for years? Didn't my article, 'How to Clear up New Ground,' create a sensation? Of course it did. Jane, I swear that sometimes I believe you are blind. Did I ever chop wood, indeed! I have just ordered a cord of hard oak wood and I shall chop it myself. Aside from the healthful exercise, it will save money. I shall order an ax to be sent up just as soon as I go down town."

When the professor returned at dinner time, he asked if the ax had come.

"Yes, it's out there on the porch."

"Well, I shall go to work at once."

"I hope so. We are needing some now, for the weather has turned awful cold."

"Don't fret. You shall have all the wood you want."

The professor went out and after laboring three hours brought in two small sticks that looked as though they had been gnawed in two.

"This enough?"

"Enough the mischief! It's not enough to start a fire."

The professor puffed and "blowed" awhile, and then went out again.

Three hours later he came in again with two more sticks.

"This do?"

"Of course it won't. We'll have snow before morning."

"Snow!" he exclaimed, wiping his reeking brow.

"Yes, snow."

"Well, I don't care if it falls fifty feet deep, I am not going to chop any more to-day. Needn't expect a man to kill himself just because we are going to have snow."

Just then a rap came at the door.

"Come in," called the professor, too tired to get up. "What have you got there?"

"Ax from the hardware store. Made a mistake before and sent you a grubbing hoe."

Mrs. Mayorhuff shouted and the professor collapsed.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

The annual production of silk in the United States amounts in value to \$25,000,000.

Arlington Advocate

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Sober Election Days.

The real friends of temperance expected nothing of help from the present Legislature, although as a class they are always hopeful of the development of a sentiment in favor of still more restriction of the liquor business. This was natural in view of the peculiarities of the campaign of last fall, and which aroused the vindictive spirit which cropped out in all quarters when the result of the election was ascertained beyond question. But the first month of the session has witnessed the passage, in the lower branch, of a measure hailed with deep satisfaction by every true temperance man and woman, and which every good citizen ought to sanction. Nothing more clearly demonstrates an advanced public sentiment than the passage of the measure to which we allude—the bill requiring the closing of drinking places of every description on election days,—for it must have grown out of a felt need on the part of a class not heretofore interested in temperance legislation. The result is due largely to the perseverance of temperance men and women in steadily pressing upon the attention of all the character of the men engaged in the liquor traffic until the careless and usually unobserving have been forced to see, to a degree at least, that all orders relating to the sale on election days are virtually disregarded by the sellers of every grade and that therefore as a class they must be forced to obey laws made for the general good. To our view this timely action is the victory of an improved public sentiment in this whole matter,—the crystallization of a purpose to require obedience to the laws enacted for the public good and for the protection of our dearest interests both in the home and public affairs, that will sustain the officers in a vigorous prosecution of all violations and thus pave the way for a better state of things in our towns and cities. Nothing more clearly indicates this than the spectacle of three Catholic Bishops at a great meeting in New York joining in denouncing the lawlessness of the liquor traffic and urging their hearers to join in the new crusade against it. This and kindred action by other bodies of equal weight and influence ought to have been enough to suggest to the violators of the law that it is possible to carry their audacity too far and to call down upon themselves an opposition too powerful for them to resist; but this traffic is blind to every thing except force and we hail with satisfaction this evidence that the great inert masses begin to appreciate this fact. The provisions of the new law may be briefly outlined as follows: It prohibits the common victuallers holding licenses of the first three classes from selling or giving away intoxicating liquors on the days of any regular election held in the city or town in which the licensed premises are situated, with a penalty of \$100 for each violation; puts licensed victuallers under the same prohibition with the same penalty, except that they may sell to duly registered guests, and that candidates for office or political associations shall not give or authorize the giving away of liquors previous to 6 p. m. on election days.

The vote on the measure was yea and nay, 141 to 50, with two pairs, and the only feature of regret in it all was that only seven Democrats would vote in its favor. To this later item we call the special attention of our third party friends.

John L. Sullivan was fined one hundred dollars and costs, last Saturday, for cruelty to animals. Deciding to pay the fine, he clapped on his tall hat and started out of court. The constable ordered him to take it off and the Globe reporter says John blushed as he complied. John has knocked out several strong men and seems to think himself invincible, but there is a little spirit in a black bottle that is knocking him out of strength, manhood and life, if he only knew it.

An editor and publisher of a newspaper makes it a success, financially and otherwise, not so much by what he puts into it as what he keeps out of it. If we have ever made this remark before, we beg to be excused for repeating it just now, as there are certain personal reasons which give it peculiar force at this time.

The well known firm of Parker & Wood, 49 North Market St., Boston, appear in our columns again as advertisers, offering special advantages in the matter of seeds, etc. It will be seen that their seeds are tested by Messrs. A. P. Wyman & Sons, who need no recommendation or endorsement at our hands, and this department of their large and rapidly increasing business is under the special charge of Mr. Robinson, who enjoys the reputation of standing at the head in all matters pertaining to seeds.

One year in the House of Correction and \$150.00 fine is the sentence of Judge Nelson of the U. S. Dist. Court on the parties convicted of illegal voting at the last election. The sacredness of the ballot will be vindicated and its entire protection assured by a few more such sentences.

(Correspondence.)
Mr. Editor.—It is only once in a while, when I get fired up, that I meddle with town matters. Some time ago I got fired up about the vacation business, and then I had my say. This time I got fired up about warming the high school (you needn't think there is any joke about this for I ain't that kind and I hope nobody will make light of it). Well I went into one of my naburs' houses one evening and we got to talking about things and so we lit on the high school fire. He says steam heat is all right if branes goes with it, but if not, it ain't no good. One man blamed it on the janitor, but that ain't true. I've known him for more than twenty years, and he is a good christian man as there is in this town. I see one of the comity men the other day and wanted to talk with him about it. He asked me if I wanted the whole of the earth and if I knew more about it than he did he'd better get off the bored and let me get on. He thinks he is king of the joss, but he must get down from his stilt. I spoke up to him pretty sharp and said I wouldn't go onto the bored any way—there is lunk heads enough there now. Now them steam pipes have been in the high school 4 or 5 months and they cost about \$900—\$1000 a pece for each comity man and what have we got to show for it—every time we have a cold snap somebody says there ain't no school up to the high to-day—they are all froze out—there may be steam enough but where is the branes. I think Jim Thaxter could have fixed that business all alone and done it right long ago. The fokes in this town that have to pay for such things want to know what the matter is and how long it takes to flud it out. We dont want our boys and girls to go up there and sit and shiver an hour or so and then have to come home and get warm. They might stay there and perhaps the master could warm the boys, but it ain't so easy to warm the girls they dress so different.

But I dont think steam is good for heating anyway except for locomotives and fire engines. Give me a good old fa-hund stove—that's the kind for heat. If the comity dont get that building warm in 30 days it will be a cold day for them at Town Meeting. Jan'y. 31.

The wife of General Grant has acted promptly in the matter of the personal property turned over to her by Mr. Vanderbilt by a deed providing for its deposit with the U. S. in the event of Gen. Grant's death, and has already transferred the same to the President. In closing his message to the house of Representatives making this announcement of the valuable gift to the Nation. President Arthur says:—

"In this connection I may pertinently advise the pending legislation in the Senate and House of Representatives looking to a national recognition of Gen. Grant's eminent services by providing the means of his restoration to the army on the retired list. That Congress, by such action, will give expression to the almost universal desire of the people of this nation is evident, and I earnestly urge the passage of an act similar to Senate Bill No. 2530, which, while not interfering with the Constitutional prerogative of appointment, will enable the President in his discretion to nominate Gen. Grant as General on the retired list."

Joseph Crue, now making his home at Lexington, makes the following appeal to the public through the columns of Tuesday's Globe:—

"Having quietly endured the most unmerited abuse, I feel that I must now say at least a word in my own defence against the more than cruel charges spread over the country through the columns of the press. First, as regards hiding or concealing myself, I desire to say that for the past four years I have worked at my trade—that of a carpenter—both in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and challenge a single person of the hundreds with whom I have associated during that time to say that I ever attempted to conceal my identity, though had I done so it would have spared me much unmerited suffering from the unjust course of the newspapers. As regards my "confession" and "death," it is only too plain to an observing public that I must have a number of enemies, who, not content with the injury they have already done me, still try to utterly rob me of my reputation, leaving me without that the possession of which makes a man poor indeed. From the slanders of which I am the helpless victim, my only shelter is the people, not one of whom is less guilty of the great misfortune that befel me in the death of my wife than I am myself."

The Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Company have just issued its first series of plates, which, when completed will embrace the photographs of all persons in this country occupying important positions in the various departments of the musical profession. The first plate, now out, contains excellent likenesses of fifty-three of the most prominent pianists in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and the West. The next plate will be devoted to the pictures of prominent organists. Copies of the first plate will be sent by mail, pre-paid to any address on receipt of \$1.00. Address Mason & Hamlin, Boston.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS.
WEST MEDFORD.
The Missionary concert, held in the vestry of the Congregational church, on Sunday evening last, was well attended, despite the snow which had steadily fallen during the day. A large amount of interesting information was given by various persons, upon the Turkish field, embracing some account of the various Missions,—as the European Turkey Mission, among the Bulgarians, the Eastern, Central and Western Turkey Mission. That in Eastern Turkey is among the mountains of Armenia, and a very interesting section of the country, inhabited by a very interesting people it is. It is supposed that this region is that occupied by our first parents, Adam and Eve, and that the ark rested on the summit of one of these mountains,—a very pretty fancy, whether true or false. Two young men of the village were dressed in the costumes like those worn among that people, and some idea of the social life was obtained from answers to questions, by Rev. Mr. Hood, which he made to a young lady who is a native of Turkey, now an exile in this country because she and her friends became converted to the Christian faith. Her father and uncle were both killed for the same reason. The Turks, it is well known, are very intolerant, and it is about as much as a man's life is worth for him to abjure that faith. However, among the Armenian population the faith of Christ has made good progress, and schools, seminaries, colleges and churches are rapidly springing up all over that vast empire. Robert College, at Constantinople, represents nineteen nationalities, and has about two hundred students. But space forbids further mention.

On Sunday morning, February 8, it is expected that Rev. R. B. Howard, secretary of the American Peace Society, will address the Congregational church. Mr. Howard is a brother of the popular and beloved Gen. O. O. Howard, sometimes known as the "Havelock of the American army."

On Wednesday evening, the representation of a real Japanese wedding was given in the church by several of the young people connected with the Society. They were all dressed in Japanese costumes, and with their queer dresses and mode of head gear were hardly recognizable even by their nearest friends; indeed, but for the fact that all are resident here, one might fancy they were real importations from the land of the rising sun. They were a novel and interesting sight, not only from the oddity of their appearance, but from the strange and laughable salams which they made to the bridegroom and bride. At the close of the ceremony, the people repaired to the vestry, where bride cake, tea and other refreshments were served. Great praise is due to Mrs. Bryant, the talented pianist, for the time she has given to make the respective participants perform their parts with ease and grace. Quite a good sized audience were present, and a good sum of money must have been realized, but the amount is not yet definitely known. Whether such performances in a building dedicated to the worship of the true God is according to the "fitness of things," deponent sayeth not.

On the 24th inst. the first hearing before the Legislative Committee on Towns relative to the division of Medford will take place. It is useless to attempt to forecast the result. It is understood that one of the committee, who is opposed to the division and who is a very active member of the Methodist church, is very busy in button-holing every fellow Methodist in behalf of keeping the old town intact. Should our committee pursue similar tactics, what a howl would be heard; but it makes a difference, you know, whose ox is gored. All we have to do is to keep calm, united and determined, and in the end we shall win.

The spectacle of Col. John H. George appearing before the Legislature in opposition to measures proposed by the Boston & Lowell R. R., particularly as the legislation asked for was in the direct line of his own endeavors through a long series of years, was certainly a novel one and might well have drawn a blush even to his "cheek." But the Colonel was always a modest man.

Col. Robert Ingersoll is keen, witty and eloquent, but he has no new ideas or arguments in his bitter and quixotic assaults upon Christianity. He has been answered over and over again, but gathers up his blunted arrows every now and then and shoots them at the invulnerable faith that has defied all its enemies for ages and never has so many adherents or so firm a hold on the world as it has to-day.—Roxbury Advocate.

The petitions in favor of changes in the laws against lotteries will be met with counter petitions from the churches, judging from the action at the ministers meetings on Monday last.

ARLINGTON RINK NOTES.
The Coogan brothers, acrobatic and fancy skaters, will be the attraction at the rink on Wednesday evening next, and will doubtless attract a large gathering to witness their wonderful feats on rollers. They come highly recommended by those qualified to judge.

This evening (Friday) is complimentary to the Francis Gould Post 36, and the Relief Corps. An attraction has been prepared, but we will leave it to unfold itself this evening. Look out for a novelty.

Everything indicates a large delegation from the Arlington, Lexington and Belmont High schools, at their complimentary sessions.

Friday evening being complimentary to the Bethel lodge, I. O. O. F., naturally drew out a large number to both witness and participate in the skating. The seating room was occupied at an early hour. When the gong was struck to discontinue skating it was a surprise to almost all those present as it was not known that any special feature had been prepared, but the managers, to make the evening as attractive as possible for their guest, had engaged Master Tommy Wood, of Boston, a young lad of much promise as a fancy skater. His skating was skillful and graceful and several of the feats he performed were difficult, but well executed. The exhibition was a long one, the lad displaying steady endurance and fearlessness quite remarkable, and well deserved the hearty applause and encore given him. It was his first public appearance. Not a few "fellows" put on skates for the first time and their movements were naturally rather "odd."

In spite of the somewhat disagreeable state of the weather on Wednesday evening a large number turned out to participate in the "Bouquet Party," announced for this evening. At the sound of the gong the aids passed round the hall and presented each skater with a neat button hole bouquet, making a pretty and striking appearance when on the floor.

In the future music will be furnished at all the sessions of the rink. The afternoon sessions of Monday and Wednesday will be known as the ladies' session, being specially for their convenience and enjoyment.

The bouquet party was much larger than the calico party and was eminently a success.

A TRUE ARTIST.
HOW MISS JESSIE LAFONE BECAME A PROFESSIONAL SKATER.
A long ride in the horse cars, and a correspondent of Rink and Roller found himself at the elegant residence in West Somerville, Mass., of Miss Jessie Lafone, the well known fancy skater. We found her in a richly furnished drawing room, surrounded by pictures and articles of vertu, indicative of the artistic tendencies of its occupant. The fair artist, a shapely young lady of about fourteen, with fair complexion, but rosy cheeks, bright blue eyes and pearly teeth, with quite a wealth of long, dark hair, and looking decidedly pretty in a tasteful costume of orange and red cloth, readily acquiesced in our request for an interview.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
Committee on Parishes and Religious Societies.
STATE HOUSE, Boston, Feb. 3, 1885.
To Walter Wellington and others.
The Committee on Parishes and Religious Societies will give a hearing to the parties interested in a petition for a change of name of the Church of the Redeemer, in the Town of Lexington, at room 2, State House, on Tuesday, Feb. 10th, at 11 o'clock, a. m.

Mirth, Music, Mystery!
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS RIFLE CLUB
takes pleasure in announcing that their second entertainment for the season will be given in
Union Hall,
Arlington Heights,
Wednesday Even'g, Feb. 11, '85,
On which occasion they will present Baker's
Burlesque Romeo & Juliet

By a strong cast, with new and appropriate scenery and costumes. The supplementary attractions will consist of the wonderful mystery of "SECOND SIGHT," Tableau, Songs and Music by a select orchestra.
Doors open at 7.15, overture at 7.45.
Admission, 25 cts. Reserved seats, 32 cts.

TO LET.
A HOT HOUSE, 400 Hot Bed Sash, with farm to let by the year or on shares. Apply to M. H. HUSSEY, No. Berwick, Me.

Blanket Lost.
ONE Yellow Woolen Horse BLANKET has been lost. A suitable reward will be paid the finder on leaving the same at the office of the Arlington Advocate.

SYLVESTER STICKNEY,
DEALER IN
STOVES, RANGES,
FURNACES,
Also a full and well selected assortment of
KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS,
HARDWARE, Etc.
Which are offered at prices that defy competition.

Plumbing, Gas Fitting,
and Water Piping,
executed in all its branches by experienced workmen.
Arlington Ave.,
Arlington, - Mass.
30ct11

SLEIGHING PARTIES.
Russell House, Lexington.
Is prepared to receive Sleighing Parties, Club Meetings, Family Parties, large or small, at short notice.
The roads are fine and in excellent condition, and aside from the attraction of Lexington as a historic place of note the drives to it from the neighboring cities and towns are delightful. A fine hall and parlors with open grates and an excellent table, makes the house a favorite resort.
Arrangements made by mail or telephone.
P. O. Box, 40; Telephone No. 6833.
JAMES F. RUSSELL, PROPRIETOR.

L. M. KIMBALL, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIST,
High Street, West Medford.
Opposite the Post Office. 30jan4w

WANTED.
A young lady at Lexington desires to secure a competent instructor or assistant on playing the violin or guitar. Address G. Box 49, Lexington, Mass. 30jan1w

FOR UNMARRIED PEOPLE!
THE
Universal Benefit Association
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Was organized for the purpose and object of contributing one to the other at the time of marriage, thus giving young people money to purchase a home or to commence business at the time of REAL LIFE, instead of death.
For information and circulars, please write to the General Agent, or we would be pleased to have you call at the office.
A. B. SUMNER, Agent,
Arlington House, Arlington, Mass.

UTOPIA SKATING CLUB,
ARLINGTON.
G. W. RUSSELL, - President.
J. H. RUSSELL, - Treasurer.

Hereafter the Rink will be closed
Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Wednesday, Feb. 11,
COOGAN BROS.
Acrobatic and Fancy Skaters.

GREATEST NIGHT YET!
MUSIC
four evenings and Saturday afternoons.
Special childrens' session Saturday forenoon, from 10 to 12. Admission and use of skates, 15 cts.

ORDINARY ADMISSION.
Afternoon 15 cts.; Children 10 cts. Evenings 25 cts.; Five tickets for \$1.00; Children 15 cts.; Eight tickets for \$1.00.

LEXINGTON GRAIN MILL.
WHITCHER & MUZZEY,
Mill and Elevator adjoining Town Hall, Main St., Lexington.
Grain, Hay and Straw,

of best qualities, in any desired quantity, delivered promptly in Lexington and vicinity, at the lowest market prices.
LUMBER,
of all grades and dimensions to suit. Estimates on plans and specifications furnished promptly. Building materials of all kinds supplied. Also, agent for Bradley's Fertilizers. Telephone 6225. A. C. WHITCHER.

ATTENTION!
FLOUR! FLOUR!
CASSIUS M. HALL,
GROCER,
Pleasant Street,
ARLINGTON.

I take pleasure in announcing to the residents of Arlington, the arrival direct from the mill of a large invoice of the celebrated brand of
"WHITE ELEPHANT"
HAXALL FLOUR.
For which I have the sole agency of Arlington.
TRY A BARREL OF IT.

Also remember our Westphalia Hams and Boneless Bacon, Table Prunes in glass jars and by the pound.

S. P. PRENTISS,
Teacher of
Piano, Organ, Violin and Harmony.
Will conduct CHORUSES and SINGING CLASSES.
Pleasant Street, Arlington.

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Fresh Stock, Clean Goods and
LOWEST PRICES.
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Mens & Boys Fancy Slippers
for the HOLIDAYS.
Ladies Fine Boots—all styles. Misses & Childrens School Boots—all kinds and prices.
Rubber Boots and Arctics
Every thing found in a first class Shoe Store. Call and see us, the old shoe Savings Bank Building, Arlington Mass.
L. C. TYLER.

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more money than at any other place by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free.
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Expressing & Jobbing
FURNITURE MOVING
a specialty.
Office, Monument House, Lexington.
All order left at office or residence on Murray street will be promptly attended to.
A conveyance will leave Lexington at 9 o'clock, each Sunday morning, to meet the horse car arriving at Lexington at 10.30; also leave Lexington at 4 o'clock, on Sunday afternoons, to meet the car arriving at 5.50. Fare to and from Lexington, 35 cents; East Lexington, 25 cents. nov. 7-3m

WILLIAM DENHAM,
BLACKSMITH.
SHOP OPPOSITE CENTRE STATION, LEXINGTON, MASS.
20 July.

First Class House to Let.
CONTAINING TEN ROOMS, GOOD REPAIR, MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.
Possession given at any time.
Enquire, T. H. RUSSELL.

FOR SALE.
For sale, Farm of 30 acres in North Lexington near Station; also, farm of 17 acres, 112 miles from Centre Station; also, two houses in Lexington Centre.
Apply to L. A. SAVILLE,
Main street, Lexington.

A PRIZE.
Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

G. H. DRUMMOND
NEWSDEALER,
Lexington, adjoining Town Hall.
BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND STATIONERY, FRUIT.
Christmas Cards,
CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
AGENT FOR THE CAMBRIDGE LAUNDRY.
7dec-11

GUSTAVE BERGER,
Upholsterer and Decorator,
Manufacturers of
G. Berger & Co.'s Patent Folding Window Cleaning Chair,
Main St., near Town Hall, Lexington, Mass.
Upholstering, Decorating, Scotch Holland Shades with spring fixtures, in all styles and colors made to order, a specialty. Carpets made and laid. Mattresses and all kinds of bedding made and made over. Picture frames made to order.

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EXPRESS.

Having bought the business and good will of the Express formerly owned by Brooks & Co., run between Concord and Boston, we shall continue to run the same and with all our extra conveniences shall be able to serve the public better than they have ever been served.
We have secured the services of A. FOSTER BROOKS in the Arlington department, who will try and accommodate our patrons. Orders left in his box at the depot will be promptly attended to. Our messenger runs on the following trains:
IN TRIPS—8. 9.35 A. M., 1.19 P. M.
OUT TRIPS—9.30 A. M., 12.20, 1.55, 4.30, 5.45 P. M.
Packages received by our agent in Arlington to be forwarded to Boston and from there to some distant town by our express, the charges will not commence until they leave our office in Boston.
U. S. & CANADA EXPRESS.
To the patrons of Arlington.—Hoping by strict attention to business and to the wants of the public I shall merit a share of your patronage. Very respectfully,
A. FOSTER BROOKS,
Agent for the U. S. & Canada Express.

Temperance Department.

The successful enforcement of any law must depend largely upon a public sentiment in favor of the work undertaken. If a majority of the citizens of a locality are opposed to the law and anxious to defeat its ends, the juries will respect their feelings strongly; and executive and even judicial officers in a less degree. The real points to be attained first in the work of the Citizens' Law and Order League, is to secure the assent and approval of a majority of the people to the law as it stands.

There may be many who wish the law was more stringent, but all such ought to regard present restrictions as good, so far as they go. All such persons, then, should unite with others who believe in the present laws and make a strong party in favor of the enforcement of whatever law we now have. A strong manifestation of public opinion is needed to secure the enactment of a law, but a still stronger force is needed to put the law into execution. When the law opposes men's business, and, if enforced, compels many to abandon their callings, strong resistance must be expected, and the power in support of the law must be strong and vigilant or the law will become a dead letter.

We find the feeling in favor of present laws gaining ground daily, and, better still, we find our people realizing the great responsibility that is upon them to assist in their enforcement. There will be bitter struggles, but we must not be faint hearted. There is an enormous interest at stake on both sides, and we believe that the side which is fighting for better lives and better homes will succeed in the end. Efforts to intimidate the friends of law and order will, we believe, result in intensifying the feeling against those who are violating our liquor laws, and soon or late bring down upon them the punishment which the law denounces against them.

Prof. Thomas W. Bicknell, an acknowledged leader in all that pertains to educational matters, thus closes his reply to Col. Higginson's five reasons for not favoring temperance instruction in the public schools:—

"There is teaching and teaching. Colonel Higginson knows too well the difference between judicious, scientific and timely instruction, and that which is artificial, superficial and vulgar, to use such casuistry as appears in this paragraph. According to the theory here taught, it is useless to teach any lessons to children where the home life of the parents runs counter to that instruction. Let thieves gender a race of thieves, profligate a swarm of profligates, let drunkards perpetuate their species, because they would be least benefitted by lessons of honesty, virtue and temperance. Mr. Higginson tells us that a reeling drunkard was the first great lesson and warning of his life against alcohol, and yet he says it is almost hopeless to bring to the children of other homes the warnings of intemperance and vice, and the beautiful teachings of temperance, lest they be made the occasion of deeper and darker transgression. The morbid curiosity to try a dangerous experiment is not found in a child who is clothed in rags and covered with bruises, as the result of a drunken father's anger and neglect. The children of a drunkard's home are not the ones who try the wine cup as an experiment. The results of a drunkard's experience are graven with an iron pen and a diamond's point on bleeding hearts and suffering lives too deeply to allow morbid curiosity to lead to further illustrations of the degradation. It is rather the ignorant and the unwary who have never seen the sad havoc of rum, and who know not the delusive way of the tempter, who need the positive instruction which health, good morals, science and wholesome for true living. According to Col. Higginson's philosophy, as we understand it, he would not teach a child that arsenic was a poison, lest it might be led to try its deadly effects. If each child must learn for himself the terrible consequences of evil in all its forms, of what use is all the experience, wisdom and learning of the past? History must be dumb; science must speak in enigmas; and religion, the child of light and of God, must clothe herself in darkness, with no words of cheer for the good and no terrible warnings to evil, if such doctrines are to prevail. Nay, rather, tell the boys and girls that science and history and religion all declare that alcohol is a deadly foe to health, happiness and heaven, and that all that seek her paths are treading the highway, to death, and that all who seek to avoid her shall find wisdom's ways to be ways of pleasantness and all her paths to be peace."

The time is approaching when the voters of Massachusetts towns will be called upon to decide for another year whether they will go into partnership with a few of their citizens in the liquor business. We have full faith that all towns which have been living under a well-informed "no license" vote will continue the policy without any urging upon the part of any one, for the people have seen the best argument in the increased comfort in the poorer homes, in the peace, quiet and safety of life and property.

We hope the disposition which a portion of our voters exhibited at the city elections to punish a certain faction of the temperance people by voting "no" no longer exists. Each voter

BOSTON BRANCH TEA & GROCERY HOUSE,

Main Street, Lexington.

OPPOSITE TOWN HALL.

The people of Lexington and vicinity will be pleased to learn that Groceries can now be purchased AT HOME as cheaply as in BOSTON.

Please Give us a Call.

WE AIM TO SUPPLY EVERY DEMAND OF A
FIRST CLASS TRADE AT

BOTTOM PRICES.

should remember that he punishes himself and his family as well as the voter who is supposed to have made a foolish mistake in the national election. We could not see that the cause of temperance would be promoted by voting for the candidates of the Prohibition party, and we confess to much disappointment at the result of the presidential contest. But we do not regard the loss of a single election as cause for despair, nor are we willing to surrender the benefits which our voters may still hold.

When the day comes, we hope every temperance man in the State, without regard to party, will go to the polls and say "no" to the saloons. And when depositing his vote, we hope that every elector will realize the responsibility he is taking to make his vote mean no dram-shops. It is not enough to vote them down. They must be suppressed by a vigorous enforcement of the law through the aid of executive officers and courts of justice.—*Law and Order.*

A Boston letter writer to the Old Colony Memorial says:—

"My attention was called to a case of seemingly extreme hardship a day or two since. A young man, intelligent, well educated and without the vice of drinking habits or any of the usual lacks in the moral make-up which characterize the modern wrong-doer, was nevertheless overtaken by extreme want and untoward circumstances, and for the first and only time in his life, so far as can be ascertained (some pretty highly connected people have investigated his case), committed a theft, which resulted in his confinement in a prison. He served his term of sentence and is now free, weighed down with remorse and sorrow for the past, and striving apparently 'for all he is worth' to live an upright, principled life. He came out of prison as poor as a church mouse, and eager to work and begin the world again. He adopted the plan of telling his story honestly in every place where he made application for employment, and a wretched plan it has proved for him; for, no matter how much his appearance and bearing and evident distress may at first have enlisted sympathy, he was invariably shown the cold shoulder, and often turned rudely away, when he came to tell of his prison experience. The managers of a well known and high standing Christian institution here finally gave the young man a situation as writer—he is an excellent correspondent—but only a few days passed before he found a letter of dismission upon his desk, and the most earnest solicitation for the cases only resulted in a cold admission that his conduct had been above blame and his duties excellently well performed. He is discouraged and disheartened, and very naturally inquires what there is left for him on the honest side of life."

The February Wide Awake may be considered a special valentine sent out to childhood everywhere, so gay and sweet is it with dainty verse and delightful picture and fascinating story. It opens with a frontispiece by Hassam, "The Dove's Breakfast," and a songful poem, "The Snow Bird," by Ezekiah Butterworth. Then follows "Our Venture," by Jane Andrews; W. L. Taylor illustrates it charmingly. As a pendant to this realistic story, comes a fanciful one by Edwin D. Mead, with eight drawings by F. Childs Hassam. There are two capital humorous stories also: "What the Storm Did" and "Some International Gingerbread;" these have a delightful foreign atmosphere, while "A Boy's Truth" is decidedly American. The serial stories are a strong element of interest. "Down the Ravine," Charles Egbert Craddock's serial, has several especially dramatic situations. There is a fine art paper, on "Water Color," by the Boston artist, Mrs. Whitman, and the various other contributions are full of interest. Wide Awake is \$5.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

HARRY L. ALDERMAN,
Graduate of the American Veterinary College of N. Y. City.
Can be consulted upon the diseases of Domestic Animals and Veterinary Surgery at residence or hospital.

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TELEPHONE 6830. POST OFFICE BOX 1.
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A Complete Medical Work for Women, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated. Tells how to prevent and cure all diseases of the sex, by a treatment at HOME. Worth its weight in gold to every lady suffering from any of these diseases. Over 10,000 sold already. POSTPAID ONLY 50 Cents. Postal Note or 2 ct. Stamps. Address: NUNDA PUBLISHING CO., Nunda, N. Y.

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FOR
New York,
South and West.

THIS IS THE ONLY DAILY SOUND LINE.

SPECIAL STEAMER EXPRESS leaves Boston from Old Colony Railroad station, week days at 6 P. M., Sundays at 7 P. M., connecting at Fall River, in 35 minutes, with the superb steamers "PILGRIM" and "PROVIDENCE." Tickets and staterooms for sale at the office of the line, 3 Old State House, Boston, and at the Old Colony Station.
J. R. KENDRICK,
General Manager, Boston.
L. H. PALMER,
Agent, 3 Old State House, Boston.

FREIGHT.—This line has a fleet of steamers engaged exclusively in the freight service, thus insuring prompt and reliable movement. Rates always as low as other lines. 13June3m

NATURE'S REMEDY Vegetine THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

BEAR IN MIND
that when your blood becomes impure the safe guard against serious illness is to at once resort to some reliable purifier. Long experience with Vegetine proves beyond question that it is the best blood purifier known.

DON'T ALLOW BLOTCHES
and pimples to disfigure you when there is a positive cure to be had in the timely use of Vegetine.

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are indispensable, would you enjoy sound health. Its controlling influence over the nervous system, has made VEGETINE a blessing to thousands. Nervous sufferer you will find sure relief in Vegetine.

NEVER GIVE UP
however serious your case, whether of Scrofula, Liver or Kidney Complaint, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism or any disease arising from an impure state of the blood until you have given Vegetine a thorough trial. It is a remedy for just this class of diseases and in numerous cases, which all efforts have failed to reach, it has proved to be of great efficacy.

ONE MILLION Copies will soon be sold of Congress by James G. Blaine. The only history of our government from 1861 to 1881. Hon. John S. Wise, M. C. from Va., says:—"Whoever takes it up, no matter whether he be Mr. Blaine's friend or enemy, will never put it down until he has read the whole." \$2.50 per month paid good responsible agents. Apply at once.
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CURE without medicine. Hill's Genuine Mag. & also Electric Appliances have no equal as curative agents. Prices \$1.00 to \$5.00. Physicians use and prescribe them in their practice. Cures Nervous Headaches, Scalp Diseases, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spinal Weaknesses, Kidney Troubles, Constipation, Nervous Prostration. Druggists keep them. All suffering from any of these troubles who write us particulars of complaint, will receive advice free. Postage prepaid and mailed on receipt of price. For price list, literature, and testimonials, address **HILL'S DRUG CO.,** Reading, Mass. 10ctm

Boston Directory.

Embracing a list of the places of business of some of the residents of Arlington and Lexington which will prove a convenience to every one.

Miscellaneous.

PARKER & WOOD,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
49 North Market Street, Boston.

BOYLSTON M. Insurance Co.,
30 Kilby Street, Boston.
J. W. BALCH, Pres. W. GLOVER, Sec.

FAY, WILSON W. & CO.,
COMMISSION STOCK BROKERS,
7 State Street, Boston.

KERN & FITCH,
CONVEYANCERS,
22 Court Street, Room 51 to 54, Boston.

KENISON, DR. P. CHIROPODIST,
18 Temple Place, Boston

LUMBER,
WM. H. WOOD & CO.,
Broadway and Third Street, Cambridgeport.

WASHINGTON F. & M. INS. CO.,
Isaac Sweetser, Pres. A. W. Damon, Sec.
38 State Street, Boston.

WOOD BROTHERS,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
12 Sudbury Street, corner Friend, Boston.

Men's Goods.

DEVEREAUX & LINDSAY,
TAILORS,
Chambers 367 Washington St., Boston.

DYER, J. T. & CO.,
MEN'S FURNISHINGS,
Bowdoin Square, 13 Green St., Boston.

JACKSON & CO.,
HATTERS AND FURRIERS,
59 Tremont Street, Boston.

LAMKIN, G. & CO.,
FINE BOOTS AND SHOES,
28 Tremont Row, Boston.

GOODNOW, W. H.,
HATTER,
10 Hanover Street, Boston.

For the Home.

HOMER, H. H. & CO.,
CROCKERY AND GLASS,
58 Franklin Street, Boston

CROSBY, FRANKLIN,
CARPETS, OIL CLOTH ETC.,
90 Hanover Street, Boston.

MERRILL, J. S. & SON,
PAPER HANGINGS and Window Shades,
25 and 28 Washington Street, Boston.

CHIPMAN'S SONS & CO.,
CARPETS,
83 Court, corner Hanover street, Boston.

For the Table.

BURT & HARRIS,
BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS,
24 Quincy Market, Boston.

FLOUR,
Agents for Celebrated 100 Brand,
200 State Street, Boston.

FESSENDEN, C. B. & CO.,
FINE GROCERIES, ETC.,
177 Court Street, Boston.

SQUIRE, JOHN P. & CO.,
POULTRY AND WILD GAME,
No. 1 Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

RICHARDSON, GEO. E. & CO.,
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT,
No. 1 Faneuil Hall Sq., Boston.

SWAN & FITCH,
POULTRY AND WILD GAME,
No. 1 New Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

SWAN & NEWTON,
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Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable,
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Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Orders by mail or telegram promptly attended to. Hacks and carriages furnished for Funerals, Weddings, Parties, etc. Single or double teams. Special rates will be taken to meet all reasonable demands.

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DEALER IN
**COALS, WOOD, HAY,
LIME, CEMENT, Etc.,**

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Arlington Heights and Lexington.

Orders left at M. Rowe's Grocery Store, Arlington Avenue, and at East Lexington Post Office will receive prompt attention.
Address, P. O. Box 175, Arlington.
Telephone 6815.

CHARLES GOTT,
**Carriage
Manufacturer**

—AND—
BLACKSMITH,
Arlington Ave. opp Arlington Hotel, Arlington.

Particular attention paid to
HORSESHOEING.

Has already finished and in course of building,
**HEAVY MARKET AND MANURE WAGONS,
SLEIGHS, PUNGS, Etc.**
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We would respectfully announce to the citizens of Arlington and vicinity, that we have spared no expense in fitting up a neat Fish Market in T. H. Russell's building where, by strict attention to business, we hope to merit a liberal share of your patronage. Respectfully,
24Apr-ly W. H. WEBBER & SON.

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TO LET.**

Parties desiring the use of Menotomy Hall for Parties, Lectures, Concerts, or other purposes, can be accommodated on application to
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nov13mo No. 6 Bacon Street.

**Misses E. & M. A. BALL,
DRESS AND CLOAK MAKERS,**
Arlington Ave., near Teel Street,
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The latest styles and patterns always on hand to show customers. Personal attention to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed. Special attention to cutting and fitting stylish garments.
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The Housewife's Favorite.

We will send FREE, for ONE ENTIRE YEAR, to every lady who sends us at ONCE the names of ten married ladies, at same address, and 12 two-cent stamps for postage, our handsome, entertaining and instructive Journal, devoted to Fashion, Fancy Work, Decorating, Cooking and Household matters. Regular price, \$1.00. SEND TO-DAY, and secure next number. Address, DOMESTIC JOURNAL, Nunda, N. Y.

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Invite the attention of farmers and others requiring water for irrigating purposes and domestic supply, to their
**Improved Steam
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which are
**SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION
POSITIVE IN OPERATION.**
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
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Particular Attention Paid to Interior Decoration,
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Estimates on Contract Work.
Carpenter work of all kinds.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Hacks, Barges, and Teams,
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Special attention to Weddings, Funerals, Etc.

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Master in Chancery & Notary Public.

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27 TREMONT ROW, - BOSTON.
Next door to Baptist Church, Main Street, in LEXINGTON.

Boston & Lowell Railroad.

ON and after JUNE 30, 1884, trains will run as follows:—
LEAVE Boston FOR Prison Station, at
7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p. m. **Return**
at 5.30, 7.20, 8.50, a. m.; 12.35, 4.55, 11.30 p. m.
LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass., at
7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p. m. **Return**
at 5.36, 7.25, 8.58, a. m.; 12.42, 5.02, 11.38 p. m.
LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 7.05, 9.30,
a. m.; 1.35, 4.25, 4.20, 5.45, 6.25, 11.45, 9.15, 10.45,
11.30 p. m. **Return** at 5.46, 7.00, 7.35, 7.55, 9.09,
a. m.; 12.52, 3.45, 5.12, 7.45, 11.48 p. m.
LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 7.05,
7.40, 8.15, 9.50 a. m.; 12.20, 1.35, 2.45, 4.20, 5.45,
6.25, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 11.30 p. m. **Return** at 5.58,
7.10, 7.45, 8.06, 8.45, 9.22, 10.30, a. m.; 1.05, 2.09, 3.55,
5.22, 6.15, 7.55, 9.15, 11.10, p. m.
LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington Heights
at 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a. m.; 12.20, 2.45, 4.20, 5.20,
5.45, 6.25, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 11.30 p. m. **Return**
at 6.07, 7.20, 7.51, 8.16, 8.54, 10.40, a. m.; 1.15, 2.16,
4.00, 5.32, 6.24, 8.04, 10.26, 11.10 p. m.
LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.30, 7.05,
7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a. m.; 12.20, 1.35, 2.45, 4.20, 5.20,
5.45, 6.10, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 11.30 p. m. **Return**
at 6.14, 7.00, 7.27, 7.58, 8.21, 9.00, 9.35, 10.46,
a. m.; 1.21, 2.16, 4.10, 8.18, 5.38, 6.30, 6.50, 8.10, 10.34,
11.15, p. m.
LEAVE Boston FOR North Avenue at 6.30,
7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a. m.; 12.20, 2.45, 4.20, 4.50,
5.20, 6.10, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 11.30 p. m. **Return**
at 6.23, 7.08, 7.35, 8.03, 8.29, 9.07,
9.44, 10.54, a. m.; 1.28, 2.24, 4.17, 5.25, 6.58, 7.58, 8.17,
10.45, 11.10 p. m.
† Wednesdays excepted. †† Wednesdays only.

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CHANGES.

Like one who hears with sudden throb of sadness
The lingering cadence of an old refrain
Which wakes the echoes of some vanished gladness
With tender pride.

So stand I now with mingled pain and pleasure,
After long absence, at a well-known door
Which guarded once my darling, my heart's treasure
In days of yore.

Still bloom the roses with their old-time sweetness
Round this dear cottage in my native land;
Trimmed is the hedge with all its wonted neatness;
The old elms stand.

Still slopes the lawn in beautiful gradation,
Like a soft carpet of the richest green;
Still leaps the fountain with its light pulsation,
Brightening the scene.

Years have not changed it; now as then the river
Winds in the distance like a silver stream;
Through the old orchard still the sunbeams quiver
And brightly gleam.

Ah! but no voice of sweetest modulation
Nor rippling laughter greets my listening ear;
All the bright scene but breathes in desolation,
"She is not here!"

"Not here! not here!" the murmuring elm trees sigh it,
The rustling grass repels it 'neath my feet,
Her cherished roses mournfully reply it
In odorous sweet.

O'er the soft lawn the shadows westward creeping
Darkly enfold me at the rose-girt door,
In deeper shadows lies my dear love sleeping,
To wake no more!

A SEPOY REVOLT EPISODE.

Sir John Morley, ex-lieutenant of the Seventeenth lancers (the "duke of Cambridge's own") had just been sentenced to death.

Yet he had been a valiant officer in the army of India—having, indeed, been more than once favorably mentioned in the reports of General Lawrence and Lord Canning. Gifted with enormous physical strength and of consummate skill with the sword, he had made himself a great reputation in the Sepoy revolt, and, as a ballad of the soldiers of Punjab had it, "His charger's footstep shook the earth for miles around." Unfortunately, under the system of purchase of grade, advancement is not rapid in the army of our gracious majesty. Of what avail are heroic bravery and services rendered at the risk of life if one is to remain forever at the modest rank of captain? Reckless and passionate by nature, Morley had wasted his whole fortune to satisfy the capricious fancies of the beautiful Lady Darlington. Never, it is true, had a more beautiful creature been seen in Calcutta. Her exquisite complexion, her golden hair shimmering with amber reflections, her queenly air, had driven the rough soldier completely wild. As for her—cold, haughty, disdainful—she never understood this passion of his in the least. One day on his return from the capture of Cawnpore, the captain brought her a ring that looked as though it were set with garnets. "Look at this," he said, "Helena, I was wounded at the attack on the city, and each of these garnets is a drop of my blood solidified. Do you care for it?"

"Oh," she replied, "it's rather pretty, but I should have liked a pearl ring better."

Such was the woman. So when Morley, after the most heedless extravagance was ruined, she coldly said to him: "My dear sir, I will give you three months to make your fortune again. Three months; do you understand? If at the end of that time you are not as rich as the vizier of Oude, I will never speak to you again."

Morley was almost distracted. A revolt had just broken out at Kohat, that threatened to assume alarming proportions. A certain Bathkhan, an old artillery subadar, an intelligent man, and of great influence in the sect of the Wahabites, had raised the green flag of revolt in favor of Prince Mirza Mogol. There was the chance of conquering a great empire, and, in case of success, an immense fortune to throw at the feet of Lady Helena. It is true, that in this enterprise one not only risked his life, but lost his honor, and yet such was the influence of this woman on the captain, that he went without hesitation to offer the help of his sword to the insurrection, of which he was at once made commander-in-chief.

There he found the scum of the bazars and volunteers from all the provinces, brought together by their hatred of the foreigner, by religious excitement, and by their thirst of blood and pillage. And a motley crowd it was! The uniforms were outlandish, shakos, sleeveless vests, trousers ornamented with fantastic embroidery—and the whole rabble poorly drilled and badly armed. At the head of these hordes Morley fought for two months with varying fortune. For two months did he struggle desperately, still seeing through the battle-smoke the splendid creature for whose sake he had embarked in this criminal adventure. Finally, one morning he was surrounded with twenty of his comrades in a small temple of Vishnow, near Sourajapore. The artillery was summoned, but cannon-balls being found ineffectual against the strong walls, they brought bundles of wood, which were heaped against the temple and set on fire.

It was finished. To escape suffocation the wretches charged furiously upon the enemy. Seven were killed, and the thirteen others, with Morley at their head, made prisoners. They were shackled and chained together, and the whole procession took the road to Delhi, where Morley was thrown into prison.

Meanwhile the commerce of Delhi had suffered seriously from all these events. On the marble steps of the mosque the cloth-marchants, fruit-sellers, and dealers in precious stones had sold almost nothing, while on the quays of the Jamuna stood quantities of merchandise for which the usual demand was lacking.

Tons of cocoa and coffee and innumerable cases of chocolate were heaped in the sun and threatened to be absolutely lost. Certain American dealers, among others, ran the risk of total bankruptcy.

Curiously enough, the taking of the daring captain did not cause half the joy that might have been expected. There had been rumors afloat of the romantic cause of his crime. It was known that it was love that had driven him into this hazardous expedition, and all the women were on his side. Thus it came about that the news of his being sentenced to death, although foreseen, because he had been a crime of high treason, excited general pity. From the three great divisions of India people flocked to Delhi to witness the execution inasmuch that the city was to small to hold them all.

At this point public curiosity was still more excited by the sudden change that had taken place in the prisoner's situation. It was learned that an American gentleman, two weeks before the execution, had obtained permission to see the captain in his cell, and there had a long conversation with him. When this interview was finished Sir John was removed from the cell and transferred to the mosque of Jamouna, where, until the final day, the jailers vied with one another to make him comfortable. As for him, whom there were the best of reasons for believing ruined—he had drawn up a will bequeathing enormous sums to the military hospitals of the city and a colossal fortune to the beautiful Lady Darlington.

Plainly there was a mystery somewhere.

Meanwhile nothing had been left undone to give this execution immense publicity and to proclaim the event unbi etorbi. Immense notices in five languages had been posted in the principal quarters of Bengal, Bombay and Madras, announcing the day, time and place of the execution. The government, on its side, had wished to make this case an example to surround the death of the guilty man with great military pomp.

The fatal day at last arrived. The rising sun showed the city of the great Moguls in all its Orient splendor. Ever since daybreak the streets along the route of the procession had been blocked by an immense crowd, half European half Hindoo—the latter grave and impassive; the Europeans, on the other hand, noisy and bustling, excited by the romantic mystery that shrouded the end of the adventurer's life.

The place chosen for the execution was the great forum of Delhi. The sepulchral mosque, with its brown, enameled walls, made the background of the picture; on the left rose the palace of the Moguls, its gorgeous facade bright with decorations in blue and gold, while on the right stood the lofty tower of Selimgarh embowered in roses and jessamine. In the center of the place had been erected a platform on which stood a cannon.

At noon a salute of twenty-two guns from the fort announced the arrival of Lord Lytton, the viceroy. The procession advanced, preceded by a detachment of the Seventeenth lancers, Morley's old regiment; next came twelve trumpeters on gray horses, and finally, surrounded by his bodyguard, the viceroy on a gigantic elephant, four native officers holding above his head a canopy of red and gold. These were followed by a squadron of huzzars—the escort of the Indian council and the secretary of the government—and last came the native princes mounted on elephants covered with gorgeous trappings, around which were carried on long red poles the two gilt fishes that are a symbol of native royalty. Each person, according to his rank, was placed in a semicircle around the platform. In the midst of this crowd, bustling hither and thither, might have been observed the American gentleman who had had the last interview with the prisoner, apparently taking the utmost care that all the principal persons should be so placed as to hear and see everything to the best advantage.

Suddenly there was a general movement in the crowd. The condemned man was coming.

The military bands thundered forth "God Save the Queen," the troops knelt, and the flag of England waved above the soldiers, who presented arms to their comrade to die. When Morley saw the cannon a flash of joy shone in his eyes—he had feared the hangman's noose. And when they saw him so young, so handsome, great emotion was visible in the crowd—the women waved their handkerchiefs and all the men gravely removed their hats.

Strangely enough, however, in spite of his well known bravery, Morley seemed agitated, and two or three times his eyes turned suppliantly toward the American, who, perfectly unmoved, followed all his movements with the strictest attention. The death warrant was read, and Morley with a firm step mounted the platform. Two stalwart Sepoys were about to lash him to the cannon's mouth, when Morley, after stroking with his hand the instrument of his punishment, turned toward the officer:

"Sahib captain," said he, "I have a word to say."

The Jemadar raised his sabre and there was a deathlike silence in the crowd. What would he say? Was he finally going to tell the secret of this sudden fortune and give up the key to the mystery that had surrounded the last days of his life? An involuntary shudder ran through the multitude as at the approach of some great event.

Then Sir John Morley raised himself to his full height and in a voice of thunder, that was heard throughout the length and breadth of the forum, cried: "Gentlemen, Blatherskite's chocolate is the best! Try it!"

"Fire!" cried the infuriated Jemadar.

A cannon-shot was heard, and whirling through a cloud of smoke were seen the fragments of a human form.

The American gentleman, of course, sold his cases of chocolate at a fabulous price, and ever since that day the house of Blatherskite & Co. is as well known in India, England, and the whole of the Old World, as it was exclusively in the New, before this tragic and formidable event.—Chicago Tribune.

The business of cutting and exporting the mahogany of Honduras is in the hands of a monopoly, which has such valuable concessions from the government that competition is impossible.

An Explanation of Many Accidents to Railway Bridges.

For fourteen years State Geologist Collett of Indianapolis, Ind., has been experimenting upon a belief that the best of iron, when subjected to continuous strain, would undergo changes in its structure, which would, after a time, render it unsafe, and that in these structural changes was the explanation of many otherwise unexplained accidents, particularly to railway bridges. He has lately undertaken a systematic investigation, which has resulted in a confirmation of his theory. For experiment he took from the Wabash dam at Delphia a number of bolts and spikes, which were, when the dam was constructed, the best quality of malleable bar iron, as is shown by the battering of the heads when they were put into the structures. He found that 10 per cent. of the whole number were as weak as cast-iron, while 90 per cent. of those which were near the bottom of the dam were worthless. Of those which were rotten the tips, when broken, showed polished ends to the connecting fibers, indicating that the continued vibrations of many years had polished and rounded the points of fibrous structure. A similar effect is found in the "partings" or "horseback" in coal mines, which become polished and striated by the continuous quiver and motion of the crust of the earth. Dr. Collett says that all car axles, after a reasonable run, become crystallized two-thirds of the length from the hub, and one-third from the outside extremity, rendering them worthless. On one Indiana railway bridge he found that the bottom parts of the vertical strain pieces were crystallized from two to four feet in length, and, as a precaution against what would inevitably have caused a great catastrophe, they were replaced. The matter is one of great interest to railways, and the specimens which Dr. Collett has collected in his experiments are to be sent to Stephens' Technological Institute, where an investigation of the subject has been in progress for several years by a scientist connected with the institute.

American Hat Manufacture.

In 1663 it is recorded that Virginia offered a premium of ten pounds of tobacco for every good hat made of wool or fur within her bounds. We made so many hats in America 150 years ago that the Felt Makers' company, of London, petitioned parliament to prohibit all exportations of hats from the American colonies, on the ground that New England alone was turning 10,000 hats a year. Parliament "graciously acceded" to the request.

Danbury, Conn., was making hats 104 years ago. As late as 1845 all the hats were made out of real skins. The poor old beaver disappeared from the globe in order to furnish men's brains with a false dome. Next the nutria had to sacrifice himself, and the gentle muskrat was called into requisition and the rabbit was drafted. The Danbury hat folks imported rabbits to breed them artificially, but the free-minded rabbit died or jumped over the fence.

It seems to be conceded that the Chinese were the first to make silk hats. A Frenchman in Paris stole the idea, and the manufacture of silk hats began in this country in 1835.

In nearly all the English books the American hat is referred to as a marvel of lightness and style, yet it has become the habit of that class of young men who cannot eat dinner on an alley without a dress coat to buy all their hats of English make, as if they might import with the hat some corresponding brain. Kosuth had great influence in United States to introduce here the wide-brimmed soft wool hat.

Royal Elephant Fights.

A royal elephant fight in Burmah is thus described: There were fifteen elephants on a side. A pair of them are never started alone at a fight. The fights are always arranged for the amusement of the nobles, and are great events. The battle is terrific. The elephants are given toddy, made out of the fermented juice of the palm, which they drink out of buckets. Jersey lightning is like water compared to the stuff. It makes the elephants reel and scramble about like drunken men. They snort and trumpet and create a terrible racket. In the fight at Theyatmo the mahouts or drivers straddle their necks and urge them on. The beasts had been maddened by prodding and beating, and rushed at each other like mad. There were some that wheeled around and ran away, but those that kept on made the earth shake when they came together. They ran right into each other. They locked tusks, and gored and lashed one another with their trunks. Tusks were run into elephant shoulders six or eight inches. The fights in India are the same, of course. In Burmah fights take place between elephants and tigers. King Thebau has men fight tigers. The Burmese in power are cruel. One king used to make the people lie down for his pony to walk over.

A Bushy Head of Hair.

Abundant hair, says the London Lancet, is not a sign of bodily or mental strength, the story of Samson having given rise to the notion that hairy men are strong physically, while the fact is that the Chinese, who are nearly bald; and, as to the supposition that long and thick hair is a sign or token of intellectuality, all antiquity, all madhouses, and all common observations are against it. The easily wheedled Esau was hairy; the mighty Caesar was bald. Long-haired men are generally weak and fanatical, and men with scant hair are the philosophers and soldiers and statesmen of the world.

A Pointed Epitaph.

Genius, eccentricity or an ambition to be heard from after death puts some singular inscriptions upon the grave stones in almost every churchyard of the land. In New Jersey the following is found upon the headstone of a crabbed old man who did not care very much for mankind when he was living:

Reader, pass on—don't waste your time On bad biography and bitter rhyme; For what I am this crumbling clay insures, And what I was is no affair of yours!

W. E. Gladstone, the premier, has an elder brother who has no less than thirteen farms on his hands. He also owns over 45,000 acres in Kincardineshire.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Coal Dust in Agriculture.

The assertion that waste anthracite may be used with practical effect in the preparation of land for agricultural purposes may, at first, startle some who are otherwise credulous as to the possibilities of culm. I believe it to be a fact, however. I have witnessed the influence of a darkened color to a naturally light soil in the promotion of plant life and growth, and believe that our culm deposits can be prepared for agricultural purposes and used with decided effect.

A dark soil will sustain a more vigorous existence in the plant than a light soil, other things being equal. The reason for this is apparent when it is considered that dark colors absorb rays of light and light colors reflect them. The more sunlight that can be absorbed by the earth and the plant, the more vigorous the growth. The myriad rootlet mouths of the plant will discover the hidden ray and devote it to its use. The dark colored soils are warmer in cold periods, and they are colder in hot, by reason of the lessened reflections from the surface. Every argument is in favor of the dark soil. Witness the richness in growth of the soils made dark by the carbon of decaying vegetable matter in the great West and in bottom lands generally. The color partially accounts for the vigor of the soil.

On all dark soils the season begins earlier and lasts later. The dark soils imprison the sunshine by absorption, and hold it for gentle distribution to the need of the plant, while from the light soil it rebounds with arrowy and destructive intensity. In the reflection of the sun's rays from any object they are gathered together and are more severe than the direct rays. The burning glass is an example.

If we examine the leaf of a plant, we discover that the upper surface has a glazed, hardened or shield like quality, but underneath it is soft and porous. It receives its substance from below. Hold a polished surface under the leaf with the sun's rays playing upon it and reflected beneath, if a confirmation is desired. The sickening effects will soon become manifest. A light-colored earth, in proportion to the degree, does the same thing in the very same way. It tends to exhaust the natural vigor of the plant. The introduction of this prepared material will also tend to make the soil more soft, porous and spongy, which in turn fits it to become the storehouse from which vegetation is fed.

If adequate measures are adopted to transform this waste into usefulness, the agricultural community will not be slow to perceive its advantage. In this way the culm deposit may be turned from its present unsightly waste to a certain benefit to mankind. Even in its present state in the dump, farmers can use it with good effect, but it should be reduced to a powder.

The use of carbon as a disinfectant is unquestioned. The preparation of culm waste for agricultural purposes may, and sometimes will doubtless be, supplemented by its admixture with the sewage of cities, thus utilizing two great wastes, while the destructive tendencies of sewer discharges will in a measure be diminished. But it is not my purpose to dwell at greater length upon the important features of the work of utilization.—Boston Cultivator.

Farm and Garden Notes.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the exchanges to the effect that "if places infested by mice be plentifully treated, especially the holes, with Scotch snuff, the pests will disappear."

The best material for constructing a silo, according to the decision of the Essex (Mass.) Agricultural society, is stone and cement, and the best material for weighing down the ensilage is stone.

A Wisconsin farmer claims that for ten years he has grown good crops of potatoes, where others about him failed on account of the ravages of the beetle, by planting a couple of flax-seed in each hill.

A lady writing in the Practical Farmer says: "One of the best places in the world—if one cannot have a greenhouse—in which to keep roses is the kitchen. There is always more or less moisture in the air from the cooking, and so long as the air is moist the better the growth of your roses."

Thousands of dollars are lost to horse owners and the country each year by the carelessness with which the colts are handled during the first six or nine months of their existence. Like plants, if they are stunted in the start it is very hard to get a rapid, healthy growth out of them afterward.

A practical poultry keeper recommends the following weekly diet for evening feed: Monday, wheat; Tuesday, corn; Wednesday, wheat; Thursday, oats; Friday, wheat; Saturday, soaked barley; Sunday, buckwheat or Egyptian corn. The morning feed should be always ground, often cooked and rather elaborate and diversified.

In skimming the cream off from milk there should always be milk enough skimmed with the cream to give the butter, when churned, a bright, clean look. Butter churned from clear cream, with little or no milk in it, will usually have an oily or shiny look. This shows that the grain of the butter is injured.

Every consideration ought to be given to the saving of manure. The stables should have drains that will carry off the liquids to a muck heap or reservoir, and whatever manure is thrown out should be carefully protected. Sheds for composting muck, soda, etc., may well be used, in which pits are sunk and moisture applied as may be needed.

The gizzard of fowls is admirably adapted for grinding the hardest grains, and it is well to give it something of this to do. Feeding fowls with meal and water or soaking grain for them is a waste of labor. Even young chickens thrive better on whole wheat or screenings than on meal mixed with water. The drink needed is better given separately.

Following is the formula for the government harness dressing: One gallon of neatfoot oil, two pounds of bayberry tallow, two pounds of beeswax, two pounds of beef tallow. Put the above in a pan over a moderate fire. When thoroughly dissolved add two quarts of castor oil, then while on the fire stir in one ounce of lamb-black.

Tanned Snake and Frog Skins.

Even the delicate skin of a frog can be tanned. An opera glass covered with the handsomely marked skin of a garter or a small water snake will soon become fashionable. Card cases, small books and little bed-room clocks are some of the articles in the manufacture of which they are used. The surface of the skin is thickly glazed and in such things it takes a long time before the scales begin to stand up. The upper portion of slippers and shoes and even dressing-cases are made from the larger snakes. Nearly all of them come Africa, but a good many are also obtained from Brazil and other parts of South America. It is a singular fact that the skins have to be taken to France to be tanned.—New York Mail and Express.

Is There a Cure for Consumption?

We answer unreservedly, yes! If the patient commences in time the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and exercises proper care. If allowed to run its course too long all medicine is powerless to stay it. Dr. Pierce never deceives a patient by holding out a false hope for the sake of pecuniary gain. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of patients when nothing else seemed to avail. Your druggist has it. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is estimated that there are 90,000 electric lights going every night in this country.

A Flat Contradiction.

Some one has told you that your catarrh is incurable. It is not so. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure it. It is pleasant to use and it always does its work thoroughly. We have yet to hear of a case in which it did not accomplish a cure when faithfully used. Catarrh is a disease which it is dangerous to neglect. A certain remedy is at your command. Avail yourself of it before the complaint assumes a more serious form. All druggists.

When may a chair be said to dislike you? When it can't bear you.

The best test of a human life is the amount of good it has been and done to others. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham may be given a seat of honor among those who have helped to change sickness into health, and to transform the darkness of suffering into the sunshine of rest and hope.

PARIS holds her next world's exhibition five years hence.

Bad treatment or stricture often complicates the disease and makes it difficult of cure. The worst and most inveterate cases speedily yield to our new and improved methods. Pamphlet, references and terms sent for two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The curiosity of River Fork, Ga., is a milk white blackbird.

A happy combination of best grape brandy, smart weed, Jamaica ginger and camphor water, as found in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-weed, cures cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery or bloody-flux, colic or cramps in stomach, and breaks up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks.

The recent census of Paris shows that it has 2,739,928 inhabitants.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns," 15c. Complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated Extract of Calcey," made by Cassell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

"Rough on Hags."

Cleaves out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers, lise. Drags.

The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad is gone; but the petroleum they discovered, now made into Carboline, the Natural Hair Restorer will live forever.

"Buchu Palms."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of bladder. 1c. Druggists.

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTA BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTA BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

WHAT part of speech is most distasteful to lovers? The third person.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage, expressage and \$3 carriage hire, and stop at the Union Hotel, Grand Central Depot, New York. (Eleventh street, situated up as a dot of one million dollars, \$1 and upward daily. We do not claim to be a hotel. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families and single persons can get a room at the Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The Back and Shoulders

Are the parts usually affected by rheumatism; and the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists are also sometimes attacked. We do not claim to be a doctor. Sarsaparilla is a positive agent for rheumatism—we doubt if there is or can be such a remedy—but as thousands have been cured of this disease by Hood's Sarsaparilla, we ask you, if you are afflicted, to give this medicine a fair trial.

Rheumatic Pains

"I have been much troubled with rheumatism, and had great pain and soreness in my left side. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it did my whole system good. I have had but little trouble with rheumatism, and my side does not pain me."—Mrs. E. A. NICHOLS, 5 Grand St., Boston, Mass.

"I had severe pains in my legs, feet, arms and shoulders; my appetite and general health were poor. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me a good appetite, caused me to gain in health and weight, and I can walk all day and not feel any pain."—LOUIS ROLLMAN, 224 Fourth Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm

FLY'S CREAM BALM CURES RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, SORES, ITCHING, AND ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS. PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOX. ELY BROS. & CO., NEW YORK.

Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste & Smell. A quick & positive Cure.

HAY-FEVER

60 cents at Druggists, sent by mail for 10 cents. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Oswego, N. Y.

OPIMUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 Days. No more till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Sample Book, Premium List, Price List sent free. U. S. CARD CO., Centerville, Conn.

N. Y. N. U. 4

STORIES ABOUT A SCOUT.

THE LIVELY CAREER OF "LIVER-EATING JOHNSON."

Episodes in the Campaign Against Chief Joseph—How the Scout Got His Name—Scared Soldiers.

"The first time I met Liver-Eating Johnson, the scout," said an officer of the Seventh Horse, "was in 1877, when we were out after the Nez Percés. It was pretty lively campaigning that summer and what with Howard, Miles and Sturgis in the field, trying to capture Chief Joseph, good scouts were in demand, for every small party detached from either of these three columns operating against the Indians must have a guide, and he must be one who knew his business, able to detect the faintest signs of Indians, and quick and sure on the trail. Johnson came to us from the Crow agency at Stillwater, where he spent most of his time when not engaged in trapping. A tall, burly fellow, standing more than six feet in his moccasins and weighing over two hundred pounds, his strong, well-knit, muscular frame and his face, framed in amplitude of flowing beard and curly locks, would have made him conspicuous in a crowd anywhere.

"He was a first-class scout, bold and quick to scent danger. You see he had lived so long among the Indians that he was up to all their tricks. But Liver-Eating's forte was telling stories of frontier life, and he had a good stock of them at his tongue's end. There was hardly a night during that campaign that a group of officers did not gather at the camp-fire to listen to him. So admirable a raconteur was he that the thought often occurred to me—and, I presume, to others—that, with proper education, he might have made his mark in the world. Of course, like many a frontiersman, especially when speaking of his own exploits, he was greatly given to exaggeration—lying, we call it in Montana—but his stories, whether truthful or lying, were, as I have said, always entertaining, and never failed to draw a full house. If I remember rightly, he said, he had spent the summer of '76 (the year of the Custer fight) in Whooop-up country. That's the country north of Benton and near the international boundary line. It is the paradise of smugglers and horse thieves, where the traders have their houses built right on the line—half on American and half on British soil. They have revolving or reversible bars, so that when they see the mounted police coming to hunt for contraband whisky they transfer the stock to the American side of the shanty and keep on dealing out their villainous rotgut."

"But, with all his keenness while scouting, I noticed Johnson generally took mighty few chances himself, and ran no risks that could be avoided. Coming across some very fresh signs of bear while hunting, I asked him to go in the brake with me and see if we could find the game. With a perfectly sober face, he said: 'Well, Lieutenant, you and your man go in and stir him up, and I'll shoot him when he comes out on the other side.' One day, while scouting near the mouth of the Musselshell, he pointed to a belt of timber near at hand and remarked: 'There is where I got the name of Liver-Eating. You see, said he, there was a party of twenty of us hunters and trappers camped here in '68. The country was just full of game and Indians, and beaver was almost as thick as buffalo. We were having splendid luck, and our camp was just piled with peltry. But one morning we were jumped by a band of about fifty Sioux, who circled toward us, whooping and yelling like devils, and firing under the necks of their ponies. We gave them a volley, and the Indians, thinking we were armed with the common rifle, rushed in. But most of us had repeating rifles (it was the first season we had them in the Territory), and as they came on we gave them another round, which fairly staggered them, but when we pulled on them again a more surprised lot of bucks you never saw. They skinned out quick, but we gave it to them on the run, and dropped nearly every last one of them.

"I saw one buck tumble from his pony and crawl into the bush, so I went in after him. Putting my knife into him, I gave it a turn, and when I pulled it out there was a piece of his liver sticking to the knife. So I held it up and yelled to the fellow next to me: 'Say, Jim, won't you take a bite?' That's all there is to the story. Some say I ate it, but it's a lie. 'They do you,' continued Captain —, 'that Johnson really ate a piece of the liver as Indians sometimes do, believing they acquire the brave qualities of the man they have killed. I remember one day while scouting with a detachment, we came upon Joseph's trail. It was near the foot of the Heart mountains, and miles away from the columns of Sturgis. The trail was very fresh, and at a little distance ahead of us could be seen the bodies of two white men. As soon as Liver-Eating, who was in the lead, struck the trail and saw the bodies lying there he came galloping back, and yelled out: 'There have been more than a million Indians here inside of ten minutes.' Well, sir, you could have knocked me down with a feather, for I was scared; and when I looked around and saw the white faces of my men, more than half of whom were green recruits, I was afraid of a stampede, but I instantly gave the word to dismount, leaving every fourth man to hold the horses of the others. This, of course, prevented the men from stampeding; and then I ordered the scout to ascend the hill in front and look for Indians. He refused at first, but I told him he was a dead man if he disobeyed, and, seeing I meant business (and I would have shot him, sure), he rode on. Cautiously ascending the hill he took one look and found no Indians.

"That Joseph was the slipperiest customer I ever saw, and led us all a pretty dance that summer before he was captured. On examining the bodies we found them to be two prospectors that Sturgis had hired as scouts. One was dead and the other was shot to pieces, having five bullets in him—two of them through the body—but he was still alive, and told us he was the Nez Percés that did it. Well, we fitted the poor fellow out as comfortably as we could with blankets, and, leaving him eighteen canteens full of water, started for camp. When Stur-

gis came up the next morning the man was still living, and had drank up all the water we had left for him. We had no transportation, so the general had a travois fixed for the poor fellow and detailed a couple of men to take him to the Crow agency. I really think he might have pulled through, but, as we learned afterward, the Indians came across their trail and killed the whole party. As for Liver-Eating, I was told he came to the States with a party of Crow Indians, and was traveling with a circus. Indeed, I think he exhibited in Minneapolis, but won't be certain of it. I presume the example of Buffalo Bill was too much for him, and he thought there was more money in a circus than in trapping or scouting."—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

In Hudson Bay.

The houses, not more than twenty-five or thirty in number, are so scattered as to extend along the river bank for nearly a mile; and being all painted white, form conspicuous objects against their dark background of pine woods. On stepping ashore at the landing-stage we find ourselves at the foot of a flagstaff indicating the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay company, to whom, indeed, the whole settlement owes its existence, the entire resident population, except the mission staff, being composed of their officers and employees. Round this center are grouped the residences of the officer in charge and his subordinates, and also one or two large warehouses. Beyond these stretch away to the right the cottages of the company's laborers. Every building on the island is of wood, suitable stone not being easily procurable. In shape and size, however, the dwellings are not unlike those of an English country village, except that only the larger houses have any upper story.

Taking now a path to the left, and following the bank, we make our way toward the mission station—easily recognized even at a distance by the flag which floats over it, bearing the letters C. M. S., this being a station of the Church Missionary society. On our way thither we pass the mission church, a modest structure of wood surmounted with a steeple, and capable of accommodating about three hundred persons. Leaving this, we soon reach the mission buildings, which beside the school, include the residences of the bishop of Moosonee (this station being the headquarters of the diocese), one European clergyman, and a native catechist. Between the bishop's house and water is a grassy slope on which the Indians erect their tents during their stay. The resident population, the bulk of whom are half-castes, number, together with the few Europeans and Indians, about one hundred and fifty souls; while the Indians who visit the place during the summer are estimated at between four and five hundred.

We will now see how Sunday is spent in this little community. As both English speaking people and natives have to be provided for, the services are begun early enough in the day to allow of four being held in all—two in each language. At 6:30 A. M., therefore, the church bell sounds, and soon a stream of Indians (most men at this early hour) winds its way to the church door. Let us take up our stand here and observe them as they enter. At the outlying settlements the Indians dress almost entirely in one style; but here at headquarters, where they come a good deal in contact with Europeans, they adopt something of the variety of European dress. Some of the well-to-do Indians (i. e., the most skillful hunters) appear in black cloth suits and colored neckties, and a few even wear English boots, though the majority seem to prefer the soft deerskin shoes usually worn in the country. The women naturally allow themselves still greater freedom, and not unfrequently adorn themselves in a dress of glaring hue, with a striped shawl or beaded jacket equally conspicuous, and the whole surmounted (but this not often) with a straw hat and colored feathers.—*The Quiver.*

Stimulants for Great Minds.

The author of "Study and Stimulants" has addressed a circular to all the distinguished brain-workers of Europe, in which the crucial question was pushed home, "Do you drink? Do you smoke?" Not all answered him; but many did, and among the number (strange to say!) was Mr. Gladstone. That most distinguished brain-worker does not smoke; indeed, he "detests" it. Mr. Arnold, too, abjures tobacco; so does Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and so did Charles Reade. Professor Huxley never smoked till he was forty. Mr. James Payn smokes, as the Americans would say, all the time. M. Jules Simon never does, on the score of gallantry; M. Taine does, on the score of ideas, which are, he thinks, promoted by an occasional cigarette. These names do not exhaust the list of authorities. Lord Tennyson and Prince Bismarck are, as every one knows, ardent smokers; M. Daubert, as did Charles Kingsley, patronizes clay pipes; Mr. Browning and Mr. Froude, and M. Millais, we believe, do not disdain that.

Plant divine of rarest virtue, as Charles Lamb called the blessed weed he had, nevertheless, determined to abjure. But, on the whole, if our memory serves us, the evidence told rather against tobacco. All the great men confessed to drinking—in moderation, of course—but for the other stimulant (if stimulant it be) the most part seemed to be much of the mind of Paulo Aurganti's wife—

As for tobacco, who could bear it, Filthy concomitant of sleet.
—*Saturday Review*

"The Place of Gold."

At Cuzco, in Persia, is a temple of the sun called Coricaucha, or "The Place of Gold," one of the most magnificent edifices of the East. On the western wall, and opposite the eastern portal, was a splendid representation of the sun, the god of the nation. It consisted of a human face in gold, with innumerable golden rays emanating from it in every direction; and when the early beams of the morning sun fell upon this brilliant golden disk, they were reflected from it as from a mirror, and again reflected throughout the whole temple by numberless plates, cornices, bands and images of gold, until the temple seemed to glow with a sunshine more intense than that of nature.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The tape-worm has no distinctive apparatus but absorbs the already digested food of its host. The chemical preparation of the food has preceded its absorption.

In animals precocity is generally a sign of inferiority; compare the chicks of the hen and of the robin, a colt with a kitten, and the comparatively well-developed caterpillar with the footless grub of the bee.

A St. Louis man has discovered that catfish skin makes elegant leather, and proposes to get out a patent and make a fortune. He uses it for everything, for shoe-laces to slippers, cabas, pocket-books and fancy pocket-case covers. "The leather is light gray in color, very soft and tough.

Skating rink floors are now made of paper. It is done by pasting and pressing straw boards together under a powerful hydraulic press, in the same way as the disks of the paper car wheels are made. When these blocks are perfectly seasoned and dried, they are sawed into flooring boards and laid with the edge of the paper forming the surface of the floor. This surface is sand-papered until it is as smooth as one vast sheet of ice, and the adhesive quality of the paper prevents any slipping of the roller upon the floor. The floor is without joints, perfectly smooth and comparatively noiseless.

The dwarf coco grows abundantly everywhere around the city of Tepic. From its kernel the finest lubricating oil known is extracted, as well as the base for a soap, whose appearance and excellence would meet with universal favor. Why some one has not amassed a fortune from the manufacture of this oil here is one of the many mysteries of favored Mexico. On the low lands, cotton, sugar-cane, coffee, corn and tropical fruits are easily grown, while the elevated plateaus and valleys yield a magnificent grade of wheat. And yet, strange to say, in this populous section, constantly traveled, not a single flour or grain mill is to be found nearer than Guadalajara, 250 miles from the coast.

Observations concerning the effects produced upon our planet by the periodically appearing spots on the sun have given very contradictory results, and have established thus far only the single fact that solar disturbances strongly affect the earth's magnetism. It is very probable that sun-spot influences may have a certain real effect upon terrestrial climates, but much further research will be necessary to prove beyond a doubt that they do. Professor C. A. Young affirms, however, that it has already been shown that such influence, if it exists at all, is very slight and difficult of detection; that it is not dominant, or even very powerful, in terrestrial meteorology; and that there is no reasonable ground for expectation that the periodicity of sun-spots will ever enable us to predict the season in advance.

Native Treatment of Diseases in India.

Regarding the native treatment of diseases, one of the most curious things I ever witnessed was a half-clad native shouting through the streets of a country town: "Does any one want back his sight? One rupee only!" as if he were hawking fruits or sweetmeats; and to my astonishment, a patient soon presented himself to be operated on for cataract. There, and then, standing in the bazaar, the itinerant oculist took out his penknife and performed the operation in a few minutes, bound up the man's eyes, and telling him to keep in the dark for a fortnight, received his fee of one rupee, and shouted his warty for more patients.

The operation was most unvaryingly successful; one instance among my servants being a woman of eighty, who had charge of my fowl house, and had for many a day been sightless, except to distinguish light from darkness, and who in this way was successfully operated upon. Beside this operator are bone-setters and medical rubbers, male and female, especially represented by the hereditary low caste accoucheuse of each village, whose skill in shampooing is such an aid in her lowly calling—as to supplant much of the useless medicine and enforced rest of more civilized countries, and save endless mischief and suffering to her sex. What skill they have is, of course, almost purely traditional. None of the science of the world or British usage has yet altered in the slightest degree either the customs of the native or his horror at the idea of male physicians for women. To supply a vacancy so long unfilled, lady doctors have now appeared on the scene, who, it is hoped by reaching the zenanas, may reach the real source through which a higher enlightenment in India is possible. An immense field is open to them along with every encouragement, and were but some of the many young ladies at home who are straining health for a future pittance in one or another of the spheres of teaching to turn their attention in this direction, they would find an opening of wider and greater utility before them, and a prospect of large and rapid emolument.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Empress of Austria.

According to a French paper, hardly any one at Vienna knows the empress, and many Viennese have never seen her. Though a grandmother she has still an elegant figure. She owes this to horseback exercise and to early rising. Her disdain for popularity and the people has its source in her attachment to the old prerogative of the crown which the emperor has resigned. She guards the court against the invasion of new ideas, and would consent to mingle with the people at fete if she thought they still respected their princes. But she knows the sacred character of the throne has disappeared in their eyes. The empress who dares to show herself at balls, is curiously enough the intimate friend of circus riders. On the eve of the grand religious processions, in which former empresses took part, escorted by pages and ladies, she has conventual lilacness, which enable her to go to the country; but she has one virtue, rare in emperors' consorts: she never meddles with politics. She is despotic mistress of her household, the first business in the world, and might be the first professor of circus equitation of her time. She believes in homeopathy, violent exercise and in shampooing.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Gloves are very long, reaching almost to the elbow.

Skirts with six or seven tucks are fashionable for young people.

It is regarded as vulgar for Mexican ladies to ride on horseback.

The sleeves of all babies' dresses for all occasions are *de rigueur* long.

The navy blue blouse suits for little girls is revived for spring wear.

Black, brown, plum-color and gray are the favorite colors for elderly people.

Silver pins for the hair have large cubes or balls set with Rhine stones.

The linings of cloaks are of plain satin; quilting is no longer fashionable.

Miss Mollie Garfield, daughter of the late President, has entered Vassar college.

Accordeon plaits are much worn. Skirts made with them wear exceedingly well.

For midwinter weddings uncut velvet is the rich material chosen for the bride's dress, unless she is very young, when heavily repped silk or the traditional bridal dress of satin is preferred.

Velvet, gros grain, satin, and brocade silks or satin, are the materials with which the modistes are busy for the elaborate toilettes used from now until Lent at full-dress entertainments.

Carlotta, ex-empress of Mexico, spends only a few thousands a year in her madhouse, and the accumulated interest of her immense fortune has become enormous. Her heirs will be her brothers.

The newest caps for babies are of white Surah, embroidered all over, or of piece net, embroidered, and lined with Surah. The ruche around the face is double, one row in shell ruching back of a fluted ruche next to the face.

The new plaided flannels for children are in charming shades of red, blue, green, brown, and beige, with dashes of yellow and black, all the combinations of color so arranged as to produce the most delightful harmony with the contrasts.

Chicago has a woman dentist. An admirer expatiates on her quiet, gentle manner of approaching the chair, and the firm but careful handling of the instrument that "cannot fail to encourage the timid and convince the skeptical of her proficiency and skill as an operator."

Spring garments for little children are ingeniously arranged as to duty both as suit and wrap by the superimposed draperies, pleatings, and parements on of the princess form, and a small coachman's collar or cape, with pleated or fluted epaulet sleeves of the material, to give the high-shouldered effect.

A Joke on the General.

A good story is told at the expense of Lieutenant-General Sheridan. The last time he was in New York and while dining with a friend he declared that there was only one place in America where roast chicken could be provided to exactly suit the requirements of his taste. The idea was laughed at, but finally General Sheridan invited his friend to join a party and test the matter the next evening. Accordingly six or seven gentlemen sat down to a dinner, of which the chief dish was roast chicken. During that course Phil alternated his mouthfuls with laudatory remarks, asserting the delicacy of the flavor, the tenderness of the flesh, the daintiness of the cookery, and so on, until somebody's irrepressible grin set the table in a roar. Then the particular chicken set before Phil was bogus—not a chicken at all, except for the skin and the bones, the rest being a clever structure of veal and pig, in imitation of the fowl, and impregnated by chicken gravy.

Great Singers Greedy.

A well-known impresario declares that great singers will not allow managers to owe them. They want their salary before going on the stage at night. Albani, the great contralto, always insisted on having her salary before singing a note. Then she would place it inside her corset. "I know not how it is," she would say, placing her hand over her mouth, "but the words come out better when I know it is here." Mangini, the tenor, always placed his money in his left stocking. Badiali, the baritone, wore a belt and kept his money and gold pieces there. During afternoons on which he sang he amused himself by weighing the gold in a pair of apothecary's scales.

Louisiana planters claim that the sugar cane this year contains richer juice than has ever before been known, owing to improved methods of fertilizing and perhaps some peculiarity of the season.

FAVORITE REMEDY

For the Cure of Kidney and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD. To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex it is an unfailing friend. All Druggists. One Dollar a bottle, or address Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

COMPLETE CURE

of Second Lieutenant Key and wife, of New Jersey.—The wife of Second Lieutenant Key, Company C, Third New Jersey Regiment, died of Typhoid Fever, March 1st, 1884. "Two years ago myself and husband were taken down with malarial fever. After consulting our family physician, and finding no relief, we tried DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, and it has completely cured us of this disease."

CONSTIPATION.

"I suffered from paralysis of the bowels and liver complaint. I finally used DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, and in my opinion it saved my life. Yours, etc., 'A. J. GIFFORD.' Dr. Gifford is the Master Mechanic of the Lowell division of the Boston & Lowell Railroad.

SENSIBLE WIFE.

Mr. Washington H. Monroe, of Catskill, N. Y., says: "For years I suffered from a complaint called gravel. I employed the best medical treatment without obtaining any help. My wife wished me to try DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY. To please her I did, and I state the result in one sentence: I am now a well man."

AMPUTATION.

Mr. A. Elsworth, of Port Ewen, N. Y., suffered for TWENTY-FIVE YEARS from a cancerous growth on the thigh bone, caused by impure blood. He finally applied to Dr. Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who amputated the leg near the thigh joint. To

Purify the Blood,

thus prevent the return of the disease, FAVORITE REMEDY was given, and Mr. Elsworth is in the bloom of health to this day. FAVORITE REMEDY is also a great protection from attacks that originate in change of life, seasons and climate. To women FAVORITE REMEDY proves a real blessing.

THIS PLASTER

Acts directly upon the muscular system, and cures the back, the seat of all pain. FOR ALL

lung troubles, whether local or deep seated this plaster will be found to give instant relief by applying it to the affected parts. It is a certain and speedy cure.

SHARP

For Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Side and Back, Ache, there are a certain and speedy cure.

PAINS.

Sold by Druggists for 25 cents a box for \$1.00. Mailed on receipt of price by Smith, De Witt & Co., New York, N. Y.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Removes Tan, Freckles, Moth, Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and gives the complexion a beautiful and healthy appearance. It is the best of all skin preparations. It is sold by all Druggists.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

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Home Items and Topics.

"All your own fault! If you remain sick when you can get hop bitters that never—Fail."

The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around with rheumatism, kidney troubles or any weakness will be made almost new by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if hop Bitters are not the best family medicine on earth! ! !

Malarial fever, Ague and Billiouness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters. Ed. Oscego Sun

(Correspondence.)
WASHINGTON LETTER.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 4, 1885.

Congress began the week with dynamite. The Senate took the lead in explosions of indignation relative to the crimes recently committed in London. Senator Hoar thought that in voting for the dynamite resolution he expressed the wish of Irish-American citizens among his constituents in the old Bay State. The Senator from Louisiana, Mr. Gibson, held that dynamiters placed themselves on a level with poisoners; that they were assassins. Senator Ingalls said the explosions of last Saturday were declarations of war against society. "They shook the foundations of every capital in Christendom." He proposed to vote for the resolutions. Still, he thought there was something in society worse than dynamite, namely, "the guilt and the wrongs that made dynamite possible. Helpless, hopeless poverty, and the oppression of centuries were the ingredients of dynamite." He thought that these occurrences should teach the lesson that for nations as well as for men, there is nothing so unprofitable as injustice. The junior Senator from Virginia, who has enjoyed the distinction of being called the handsomest man in the Upper House, assumed for the second time this session the role of the lone Senator. He spoke and voted against resolutions that could be construed as sympathy and fellowship with England, referring to her as a government of cruelty and tyranny, and he earnestly championed the cause of poor, oppressed, struggling Ireland. Senator Hawley referred to the two occasions when the American people had solemn experience of assassination and from every tribe and nation, savage and civilized, came indignation. The crimes of dynamiters were far worse than those, they were "an insensate dash at humanity." He did not know what good the adoption of the resolution would do, but it did him good to curse these crimes. It does every part of the world good to hear denunciations from all other parts.

While this explosive subject was being agitated, there was an alarm of fire at the Capitol, and a rush for the doors. For a moment, everybody seemed to expect an explosion and a repetition of the scene in the British House of Parliament. The fire proved to be in the file room of the House of Representatives, many valuable records narrowly escaping destruction.

While combustibles were in order, Congressman White indulged in an explosion intended to blow up the Speaker of the House. He claimed that Mr. Carlisle had discriminated against him in ruling that certain matter should not be printed in the record, referring to the Speaker as "that creature of the House." The popularity of the Speaker with both parties forbade any disrespectful allusion, and the member from Kentucky was blessed from all parts of the hall with a vehemence that is unusual even in that demonstrative body.

Capt. Eads has been spoken of as the most successful engineer of schemes through Congress that the world has produced. His strong point has been thought to be his ability to talk men over to his way of thinking. He has just failed, however, to carry everything before him in the matter of the Galveston harbor improvement. The wharf owners ring, who have been co-operating with him, were made happy by the promise that he would get an eight and a half million bill through. The river and harbor committee propose to grant about \$750,000 for a beginning of the work, and to pay Captain Eads a salary of \$5,000 a year to superintend it, and \$3,000 for each foot of water gained. In the room of the Senate committee of Naval affairs, for some weeks Captain Eads displayed extensive models of ships, railways and other appliances proposed to be employed in his Nicaraguan ship canal. Only Senators, members of the House, and others directly interested were invited to see the models in operation. This was the alleged trap to get Congressmen in a committee room to talk over the harbor scheme, for the ship railway bill was soon withdrawn.

The occupation of the lobbyist is gone this session. Members of the "third house" hang around, but are not making enough to pay their cigar bills. The session is too short for their methods, and besides the Congressional mind is not inclined to legislation this winter. It is directed rather to what is "brewing in the air," to the political outlook; to the new order of things that the fourth of March will bring. The lobby is a thing of the past and of the future.

NEW ORLEANS LETTER.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 31, 1885.

It is now apparent that sunshine will be in this section during the great fair which has been so hampered by the constant rains which prevail here generally until the middle of January.

Visitors, exhibitors, commissioners, managers, all join in declaring the Exposition complete, and now those who have moved away by the reports of not ready, failure, etc., can come and be assured they will not be disappointed in the success of the World's Cotton Centennial and Exposition.

TENNESSEE.

This State has a national reputation for its marble and ornamental marble. One slab 600 feet, deserves special attention. It shows minerals of every variety, iron ore being a specialty, with limestone, roof stone and coal. Glen Mary sends a pyramid of the bituminous coal. Mineral waters from the famous health resort, Tate Springs. Hard wood timbers,

dressed and in a crude state, are displayed to advantage. There are something over seventy-two varieties on exhibit. The Tennessee grain stand is handsomely arranged with cereals of every imaginable kind, in glass jars, while the same is to be seen in the straw, shuck or pod. In grasses it is equal to the famous Kentucky species. In manufactured goods the quality shown is plain, but well made. Maryville woollen cloths attract attention for durability; and the textile fabrics generally command favorable mention. Fruits and wines receive much attention, especially the latter. Of course cotton and corn are the staples in agriculture. Two crops of Early Rose potatoes from the same ground within one year, are shown with pride by the commissioners, Messrs. McWharton and Campbell.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

The fact that there has been a very large immigration to the North Pacific coast within the past few years, the wonderful stories of unheard of yields of cereals and fruits, and the application of the Territory of Washington for admission as a State have all conspired to excite an unusual interest in that far away land, and to call forth many expressions of regret that a better display has not been given of her undoubtedly rich and varied products.

The complication of conditions that have rendered the territorial display behind that of the other Western divisions, have been inquired into by many, but beyond seeing a perfect jumble of large trees, mammoth planks, polished woods, grain in sacks, minerals, etc., occupying the bountiful space allotted the Territory, but little has been gained by visitors. The number of comments on the ungainly arrangements gave your correspondent particular zeal in making inquiry. By the aid of commissioners from adjoining States and Territories, it was made apparent the fault rested in the bungling work of the governor, who, evidently not appreciating the magnitude of the enterprise, ignored the labors of the commissioner, A. H. Sharpstein, and directed a large portion of the funds to the accommodation of a number of people who desired to visit the Exposition. This action reaching the knowledge of the young commissioner in charge, he abandoned his position, recalled his contracts for embellishing and decorating the space, and turned his authority to commissioner Ferguson, who was the exact opposite to Mr. Sharpstein, and appeared to have no conception of his undertaking. A move is on foot to reinstall the former commissioner, and, if he will consent, undoubtedly soon the Territory will take first rank among the displays from the West, and prove a happy complement to that progressive division of the North Pacific.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Maj. S. B. King, the commissioner from this great old State, was found busy working in his department, but was ready to welcome your correspondent. A cabinet of fine iron ore, belonging to Robert Hare Powell, wherein is shown the rough ore from the mine through its various reductions ready for the manufacturers, is quite interesting. The quantity is small, but the quality is superior in minerals of copper, iron and coal. Only anthracite is shown of the latter, which is contained in one huge block, which is itself equal to a small mine. Excellent specimens of coal, said to be the best produced from the famous Connelville mines, by J. W. Moore & Co., are seen to advantage. A pagoda, erected entirely of slate, is a curiosity and an ornament. Cornege Bros. & Co., of Pittsburgh, furnish a fine steel and iron display; while Miller, Metcalf & Co., of the same city, manufacturers of fine steel articles, send a nice representation. The Pittsburgh glass companies have a most elegant display of their wares in beautiful designs and colors, which are both useful and ornamental. This particularly attracts the ladies. Grains are limited in quantity, but make a good showing; fruits are fair, though the most of them sent spoiled on the way. Samples of linen made by hand years ago are shown in comparison with the modern improved machine manufactured linen of this day. Within three show cases are fancy goods for ladies valued at \$3,000. One hundred and forty-four kinds of wood grown in the Keystone State bear close inspection. A Philadelphia car, containing many and valuable articles for exhibit, has been delayed. It will make a specialty of copper ores and bullion. A model facsimile of old Independence Hall, Philadelphia, is interesting to those who never visited the city of Brotherly Love. There are many pieces of granite from the battle field of Gettysburg, which are interesting as mementoes of the famous battle between the North and South. One car containing many Pennsylvania articles was wrecked and destroyed. The sign directing visitors to this space, "Pennsylvania," is artistically wrought in native flowers of four distinct colors.

J. & P. Coats, thread manufacturers, send \$1,000, and Geo. M. Pullman, of the Pullman Manufacturing Co., sends \$5,000 as a contribution to the Exposition fund.

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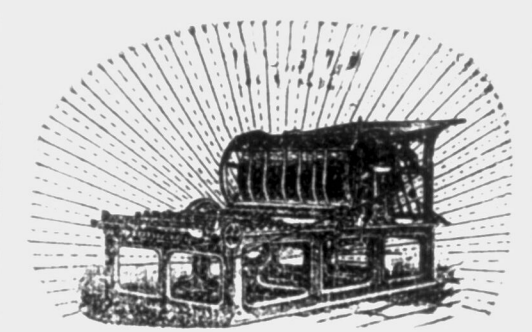
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